

AMERICA

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Chronicle

Home News.—On December 16, the Pastoral Letter of the Catholic Episcopate in the United States, dated on the Feast of Our Lady of Guadalupe, was given to the public. This notable document of about 12,000 words is divided into two parts. The first discusses the Mexican Government "in the light of American and Christian principles" thus accepting Mexico's submission of its case to the American people. An idea of this first part can be gained by citing the following paragraph-captions: liberty in the light of the American and Mexican Constitutions; the Divine mission of the Church; the purpose of a Constitution; man's inalienable rights; duty of the State to protect these rights; man's powerlessness to suspend these rights; the inviolable sanctuary of the soul; American recognition of the rights and utility of religion; Mexico's attempt to destroy religion; works of education and religion destroyed; the persecution a product of the new paganism. The second part is devoted to an exposition of what the Church has done for Mexico. Of great value in meeting a common calumny are the paragraphs dealing with the alleged wealth of the Church in Mexico. "The greater part of the wealth was...not that of the Church but of the country's educational and

charitable agencies, and the amount itself has been greatly exaggerated for the purpose of propaganda." Harvard, Columbia and Chicago Universities alone have endowments greater than all the educational and charitable institutions under the care of the Religious Orders; one religious denomination in the United States, the Baptist Church, has far larger invested funds than the Church in Mexico ever possessed. Every statement throughout the Pastoral is carefully documented, and its closing paragraphs are an eloquent profession of Faith and of trust in the Providence of God.

On December 11, the Ways and Means Committee of the House voted to reject the Administration's tax proposal which involves a reduction of \$335,000,000. The President's proposal to refund from ten to fifteen per cent of the taxes paid on incomes earned in 1925 met no favor, while the modified scheme, suggested by Secretary Mellon, of giving a credit on taxes to be paid in 1927, appeared equally objectionable. In an able statement Chairman Green sets forth the reason for the committee's action which in substance is that the surplus should be applied to the national debt. It appears that the troubles of some of the new members of the Senate have only begun. Senator Gould, of Maine, has taken his seat, subject to investigation, and the occasion gave rise to an interesting debate on the authority of the Senate to rule on the qualifications of its members. Is the Senate obliged to accept the election if the candidate has met the requirements set forth in the Constitution, or may it bring under review the candidate's entire private and public life? On December 13, when the question of extending the Federal maternity act was taken up, Senator Bingham of Connecticut made a noteworthy address opposing the project on the ground that Federal intervention in State affairs is fatal to both Governments.

Bolivia.—In a note on the proposal of the American Secretary of State for the settlement of the Tacna-Arica dispute by a commercial accord between Chile, Peru and Bolivia, the Government signified its friendliness to the proposal. The note was an acknowledgement of the memorandum in which Chile made known its decision to accept "in principle" Secretary Kellogg's proposed solution whereby the dis-

Approval of
Tacna-Arica
Purchase

puted province would be perpetually demilitarized and ceded to Bolivia for proper compensation.

Canada.—The Dominion's sixteenth Parliament was opened on December 10, by the new Governor-General, Lord Willingdon, amid an unusually colorful scene. The speech from the throne confirmed the report that the Prince of Wales had accepted the invitation to attend the Diamond Jubilee of the Canadian Federation next July. The principal features of the legislative program outlined were: the reintroduction of Government measures which passed the House at the last session but failed to become law; measures providing for assistance to works constructed for the production of coke from Canadian coal; legislation dealing with the report of the Royal Commission on Maritime Rights; reintroduction of the three-year program for branch-line construction on the Canadian National Railways, and legislation for the approval of the agreement with the holders of Grand Trunk Pacific perpetual debentures.

China.—The Cantonese Government made several unsuccessful attempts to settle the industrial strikes. The presence at Hankow of foreign naval forces had a quieting influence and the situation outwardly was more tranquil. The fall of the northern régime seemed to please the public generally, indicating that public opinion favored the southern plan of solving the country's problems. In Shanghai the new British Minister publicly repudiated all intentions of Great Britain to intervene in the nation's affairs and the announcement was interpreted as an indication that the recognition of the Canton Government in a limited measure was imminent. International relations, however, got a new significance when, on December 8, China temporarily severed active relations with the League of Nations. The delegate of the Peking Government capitulated to the demands of special emissaries of the victorious Cantonese Government that he cease to call himself China's spokesman at Geneva. The day previous the Chinese delegate had announced China's decision to terminate all "unequal" treaties on their expiration. The statement was made in connection with a comment on China's recent denunciation of the Sino-Belgian treaty of 1865. The delegate stated that China would refuse to submit to the World Court the question of interpretation of that treaty as it considered the controversy political rather than judicial, although she would be willing to submit the question to the League Assembly. Sixteen powers have treaty rights in China and would be affected by the Government's proposed action. Unconfirmed reports on December 15 stated that the city of Hangchow in Chekiang Province had fallen to the Cantonese. If true, this marks

another step in the northward advance of the Nationalist forces. The way was opened for this move by the capture earlier in the month of the two important cities of Foochow and Yenpingfu.

France.—Fear of an industrial crisis, owing to the increase in value of the franc, with the corresponding increase of living costs, was expressed by M. Jouhaux, Socialist, Secretary of the Workers' Union, and by M. Cadot, of the United Metal Syndicate. French foundries, the auto industry, the textile factories in the North, were all affected, workers being laid off, and wages not increased. Nevertheless, President Poincaré appeared not to be readily moved to alarm over these conditions, and to be still depending, as is his wont, on the economy and thrift of the French middle-classes and farmers for the attainment of his ultimate goal of a favorable stabilization of the franc.

On December 9 the Chamber of Deputies passed the Budget for 1927, by a vote of 410 to 135. Provision is thereby made for 40,099,000,000 francs for revenue, and 39,634,000,000 for expenditures. Heroic efforts were being made by Premier Poincaré to have the legislation passed by the Senate at the earliest opportunity.

Germany.—Radicalism has been making no progress in Germany. On the contrary, it has been constantly losing ground. The Government has had no difficulty in carrying out all its important measures, while the crises which have arisen, and may again arise, are over minor matters. Whatever grip Bolshevism may temporarily have had on the German workingmen has been lost. There was much unemployment, and there is still keen suffering in parts of Germany among the labor population. But the Government has sought to do what lay within its power to aid them. This holds true particularly of the Government employees. One of the recent acts of the Reichstag was to vote a Christmas gift of about twenty per cent of a month's pay to all its civil employees. War cripples at the same time received an additional twenty-five per cent of their December pension. Especially gratifying to Germany is the deal closed with France according to which the building of three reservoir dams on the Eastern frontier, by German workingmen and with German material, is to be accepted in payment of German reparations. The unemployed of the Rhine and Ruhr are to have preference for the jobs which will be offered by the Rhineland construction firms in conformity with the contracts closed with four French Departments. The dams will be erected in Southeastern France, across the Berton Valley, to protect the French farm lands from Spring inundations and furnish power to the Departments. Hospitals, libraries, movies, etc., are to be provided for

Willingdon
Opens
Parliament

The
Franc

1927 Budget
Passed

Care of
German
Workers

the workers. It is a small incident which indicates the new relations existing between Germany and France.

Great Britain.—With the traditional picturesque ceremony Parliament was prorogued until February 8, 1927. When it reconvenes it will be known by the new title coined at the recent Imperial Conference, "Parliament of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Northern Ireland."

King George in his speech of prorogation, read by the Chancellor, touched on the Chinese situation, the late Imperial Conference, the coal strike and the coming visit of the Duke and Duchess of York to Australia to inaugurate the new federal capital, Canberra.

Of home affairs he said:

During the greater part of the present year the nation has lived in the shadow of the most protracted and ruinous industrial conflict in its history. When last addressing you, I expressed earnest hope that the report of the commissioners upon the economic condition of the coal industry would, with the willing cooperation of all concerned, pave the way to a peaceful solution of this great social and economic problem. This hope was not fulfilled. It remains for us now to unite in effacing all the bitter memories of the past and to set our eyes steadfastly upon the future, inspired by a common impulse toward genuine fellowship and sustained endeavor, upon which alone the prosperity and happiness of my people can be firmly based.

The House of Lords gave its second reading to the Roman Catholic Relief bill. The Archbishop of Canterbury stated that all such distinctions and anomalies as those cited in the bill should be removed, as also all obsolete statutes which, though inoperative, established by their mere existence the evil principle of disregarded law. Differences or disabilities between Catholics and English churchmen must, however, continue to exist, he said, and the Act of Succession which barred Catholics from the throne, from the chancellorship, and from presenting nominees to Church of England livings, must stand.

Ireland.—Great uneasiness, and even consternation was felt by the Northern Ireland Government and by the Ulster press because of the change in the

King's title recommended by the Imperial Conference. The Premier and other members of the Government have been making representations in London with a view of changing the title or of settling its implications. The new title uses the phrase "King of Great Britain, Ireland, etc."; Ulster would wish it to be "King of Great Britain and Northern Ireland, the Irish Free State, etc." It is objected that, according to the Statute Book, there is no such political title as Ireland, but only Northern Ireland and the Irish Free State. The Ulster leaders fear that the title places the Six Counties under the Free State and contemplates a united Ireland in the future. They have some misgivings, likewise, in regard to the constitutional implications, for example, that the

treaty-making power of the Free State with foreign countries might compromise Northern Ireland, and that the Free State foreign representatives might be considered as representing all Ireland. One of the speakers in the Northern Parliament characterized the change in the title as an insult and declared that Northern Ireland had been thrown aside and disfranchised.

Jugoslavia.—Nikola P. Pashitch, veteran political leader of Jugoslavia, died suddenly in his home at Belgrade, December 10. With a few interruptions, he had

Death of Pashitch

been Premier of Serbia and later of Jugoslavia for twenty years. King Alexander had just committed to him the task of forming a new Cabinet, after Premier Uzunovitch had failed in the attempt. He was the founder of the Radical party, and made of it the dominant political factor in the country, although it is now in danger of being split by the contending leaders within it, whom Pashitch alone was able to keep in control. In his younger days he had been in close touch with the Russian Nihilists and was an intimate friend of the anarchist Bakunin. He was often imprisoned in his earlier years, but became more conservative as he rose into power. At the time of his death he was nearing his eighty-first birthday and had been in political life for fifty-three years. He was known as "the old fox of the Balkans" and was given credit for great political sagacity.

The country has been seething over the Italo-Albanian pact which effectively removes Jugoslavia from access to the Adriatic as a possible rival of Italy. It is looked upon as increasing the sovereignty of one country at the expense of another and being in violation of the statutes of the League of Nations. It is difficult to foresee how vast the consequences of this new embroilment may ultimately be, unless Jugoslavia can be pacified. Much that is now said must doubtless not be taken too seriously, yet the hints thrown out indicate the trend of thought. Thus there is rumor of a possible Franco-German-Jugoslav alliance. All the old objections against Germany and Austria have been forgotten. Similarly the statesmen of the country are drawing nearer to France.

Nicaragua.—President Diaz issued a manifesto in which he renewed his accusation that the Mexican Government was actively supporting the Liberal revolutionary movement in the country. He directly accused President Calles of Mexico of desiring to set up a political order

Diaz Assails Mexico

in Nicaragua which would follow "the recent sinister examples" of Mexico. The manifesto charged that reliable information indicated that Mexican officials were outfitting a vessel which, with an armed expedition, would proceed to Nicaragua under the escort of Mexican gunboats to make war against the Nicaraguan Government. Asserting that Mexican interference would mean the con-

fiscation of private property, the denial of religious freedom, Communism and political disorder, President Diaz called upon the Liberal revolutionists to lay down their arms and he promised them amnesty. Mexican Government officials allowed the charges to pass unchallenged, though spokesmen of Sacasa's party denied that Mexican aid was being given the revolutionists, almost on the same day however, sending a letter of thanks to the Mexican Foreign Minister for recognizing their rebel Government.

Rumania.—The King recently underwent two successful operations, both of them minor. Meanwhile radium treatment of his more serious trouble continued and it was unofficially stated that the operations were but preliminary to a major one. Because of the rumors of his serious illness, speculation continued about dynastic difficulties that might occur should his trouble prove fatal. The Queen and Bratiano held a conference together and it was reported that its subject was the royal succession. To add to the Government's worries, on December 8, fire destroyed the central portion of the principal royal palace of the country in the heart of the capital, leaving only the walls standing. The loss was estimated about \$1,000,000.

Russia.—Optimistic statements have been made since the conclusion of the split within the Communist party. State grain collections improved. Up to November 1 almost 4,250,000 tons of grain had been collected, which is 500,000 more than was collected last year. The wheat returns were high, with a low price, ensuring a sale abroad. The Central Asian and Caucasian cotton crop was nearly ten per cent larger than was anticipated, reaching about 750,000 bales. Mill capacities are to be increased, and new textile machinery ordered. There is a six per cent increase of money in circulation. On the other hand, M. Tomsy, President of the Red Trades Unions International, announced on November 17 that there are at present 1,182,500 unemployed members of Soviet trade unions, being an increase of nineteen per cent over last year, and this in spite of the considerable developments of industry and other branches of national economy.

League of Nations.—Another victory for peace and for the spirit of the Locarno treaty was credited to the Foreign Ministers of France, Germany and Great Britain on December 12. On that date, after two long sessions an official communiqué announced that the Interallied Commission of Control would withdraw from Germany on January 31, 1927. As from that date Article 213 of the Treaty of Peace will be applied in accordance with the conditions laid down by the Council of the League of Nations. Serious difficulties were experienced in reaching this agreement, owing to recent actions of Germany, held to portend warlike intent for the future. Poland had protested against the fortifications in course of erection on the eastern frontier, and the British were concerned over the Ger-

man practice of exporting half-finished war-material to be completed in foreign countries. Germany has agreed, however, to submit these questions to the Council of the League, if agreement on them is not reached by diplomatic discussion before the conference of Ambassadors, by February 1. It was understood that the German desire was to submit the matter either to arbitration or to decision by the Permanent Court, rather than to the Council. Meanwhile, all work on the eastern fortifications will cease, and General von Pawels, the German military representative at Geneva, was instructed to modify his claims concerning the question of the export of war material. Each Government represented in the Ambassadors Conference may attach to its staff at Berlin a technical expert authorized to reach an agreement with competent German authorities in regard to all questions of execution respecting the settlements reached or to be reached.

Varied reactions were reported from the nations represented by the negotiating ministers. M. Briand, however, was careful to forestall a repetition of his former discomfiture after returning from Cannes, by carefully obtaining in advance the consent and cooperation of the Nationalist leaders of the French Cabinet: Prime Minister Poincaré, M. Louis Marin, and André Tardieu. Hence the demonstration by French Royalists at his return to Paris was regarded as only an incident. German opinion seemed to regard the British objections to the exportations of arms as based to a considerable extent on trade considerations, and urged that these too be taken into account in any negotiations concerning this matter. Decided disappointment however was felt in Poland over the compromise, as it is there judged, concerning the eastern fortifications, and the fear of German aggressions toward the east as well as distrust of the League of Nations, was expressed. All three Foreign Ministers, however, M. Briand, Sir Austen Chamberlain, and Dr. Stresemann, received the award of the Nobel Peace Prize as a recognition of their conciliatory efforts.

Reactions to Settlements

The next issue of AMERICA will discuss a question involving vital Catholic principles — namely the Pope's recent warning as to the French Royalist leaders.

The possibilities of radio for the advancement of religion will be set forth in "Layman and Broadcasting."

Our Staff Correspondent has prepared an illuminative and sympathetic account of "The Federation of Colored Catholics," in connection with their second annual meeting.

The Rev. Ronald Knox will offer a particularly entertaining and thoughtful paper on that institution which is "primitive and indeed almost structural" in the Church—collections.

"Yellow Gold," by Mary Gordon, will be a real transcript from life. The writer impersonates a woman who made Gold her god.

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The Peace of Christmas Day

FOR Mary and Joseph, there is no room in the inn, no welcome in the homes of their kinsfolk in Bethlehem. Out into the night they go, trudging together under the star-lit skies, a prayer on their lips, peace in their holy hearts. They are in God's hands, and all will be well. Peace, like love from which it springs, casts out all fear. But where shall the birthplace of the Incarnate Son of God be found? Not in a palace . . . perhaps in some lowly wayside hut. They do not know; God knows and that is enough for them. The road is dark, yet they do not falter, for peace guides them, love sustains them.

But the moment known from eternity to the Father, promised at man's first bitter transgression, longed for by prophet and king and Saint, is at hand, and the birthplace of the Incarnate God is a stable. His Maiden-Mother wraps Him in swaddling-clothes and lays Him in a manger. Nothing that a sweetly-misguided human love would bring is there, but she needs neither candle nor fire nor any human comforting. For in the manger before her lies her God and her All, and in her heart is a peace that the world has never known . . . nor shall know until with her the world seeks it and finds it in the stable at Bethlehem.

"Give us that peace which the world cannot give" is the prayer of the priest in the name of the Church, as he bends over the Sacred Host, lying upon the altar like the Child in the manger. Kings and statesmen cannot give it. Throughout the centuries they have meditated a vain thing, in proposing a peace that is not founded upon the precepts of Jesus Christ. Men wise in the wisdom of this world have sought it in wealth, in honor, and in power; and only the su-

premiely wise among them have discovered the secret of Bethlehem that peace can come only to hearts that truly love God.

Thrice is the Church's touching prayer for peace repeated by every priest on Christmas Day. May the Divine Child sanctify our hearts and our homes with His holy peace. May He instil into our leaders the desire to bring peace into our social and economic difficulties. May He give peace to our beloved country, peace to all who work for the progress of moral and religious institutions, and peace to all nations of the earth. For today is born to us a Saviour, the Prince of Peace. *Venite adoremus.*

The Pastoral on Mexico

THE Pastoral Letter of the Catholic Episcopate in the United States "On the Religious Situation in Mexico" is a challenge to every fair-minded American. The purpose of the Bishops is to show by a relation of facts which cannot possibly be gainsaid the conditions which now prevail beyond the Rio Grande, and to expose the falsity of the claims made by the leaders of the revolution in Mexico.

The Bishops write as Catholics and as Americans, and their appeal is to the American people. No one who approves the principles on which the American Government rests, can possibly approve the régime which today tyrannizes over the great body of the Mexican people. Fundamental principles are not a matter of climate or geography. The principle that all men hold certain rights from their Creator, cannot be vindicated for Americans and in the same breath denied for those who live three inches south of the boundary line. They are true universally. But the principles assumed by the *de facto* Government of Mexico and submitted by that Government for the approval of the American people, are destructive of the principles to which we Americans subscribe when we avow our allegiance to the Constitution.

The cry "Granted, but of what interest is all this to Americans?" will not issue from a thoughtful or generous heart. It was a fine instinct which inspired the patriot to proclaim that he could not be truly free as long as his neighbor remained in bondage. The Mexican Government has brazenly invited the approval of the American people for its program. "What the Mexican Government actually asks us to do," write the Bishops, "in begging for sympathy and approval is nothing less than to condemn the work of the Fathers of this Republic, register dissatisfaction with the Constitution they gave us and demand its overthrow. For no American can accept the Mexican theory of government as in accord with fundamental justice without repudiating his own traditions and ideals."

The American holds that every human being possesses certain rights which are the gift not of the State, but of the common Creator of both man and the State, Almighty God. He holds that among them

are the right to worship Almighty God according to the dictates of conscience; the right to own property honestly acquired, and to be secure in his possessions; and the right to educate his children as his conscience bids. Governments are formed to protect, not to destroy these rights, and the American therefore rejects the theory that there exists in any majority, however great, authority to disregard these rights. With Lincoln, he knows that might does not make right.

Therefore, religious liberty exists in the United States. It does not exist in Mexico, for under the Calles tyranny the Church is made the slave of a political dominance. In the United States, the right to property is guaranteed, nor can any man, or group of men, be deprived of this right because of their religious affiliations. In Mexico, not to speak of the practical confiscation of property justly acquired by aliens, neither the Church nor any clergyman may hold or inherit property for religious purposes. In the United States, the highest authority in the land, the Supreme Court, has affirmed that the right of fathers and mothers to control the education of their children is a natural right with which no State nor Government can interfere. In Mexico, to assert this right means fines and imprisonment.

But why lengthen the list? The so-called authorities in Mexico have asked the approval of the American people for their iniquities. No American, loving his country, upholding justice, and genuinely solicitous for the welfare of mankind in every clime can withhold his immediate and unqualified condemnation.

The Church's Work For Mexico

THE second part of the Pastoral is devoted to a thoroughly documented account of the Church's labors for civilization and religion in Mexico. Decades before education had emerged from the primary stages in the Thirteen Colonies, natives of Mexico had won renown as artists, literateurs, philosophers, scientists, and theologians. "To Mexico goes the glory of the first book, the first printing-press, the first school, the first college and the first university in the New World, and to Mexico's Catholic missionaries should go her gratitude for these distinctions." Wherever the Church was allowed to continue her mission unhampered by persecution, schools, hospitals, libraries, homes for the relief of every form of human misery, and organizations for the solution of social problems, were founded. But with the rise of a subversive philosophy, anti-religious and therefore anti-clerical, these works were checked and in many instances wholly destroyed. "The buildings of the Church, monuments of education and social betterment, still stand, changed, alas, to other and often ignoble uses."

"WHAT THEREFORE WE HAVE WRITTEN IS NO CALL TO THE FAITHFUL HERE OR ELSEWHERE TO PURELY HUMAN ACTION. IT IS NO INTERPOSITION OF OUR INFLUENCE EITHER AS BISHOPS OR AS CITIZENS TO REACH THOSE WHO POSSESS POLITICAL POWER ANYWHERE ON EARTH, AND LEAST OF ALL IN OUR OWN COUNTRY, TO THE END THAT

THEY SHOULD INTERVENE WITH ARMED FORCE IN THE INTERNAL AFFAIRS OF MEXICO FOR THE PROTECTION OF THE CHURCH. OUR DUTY IS DONE WHEN, BY TELLING THE STORY, DEFENDING THE TRUTH, AND EMPHASIZING THE PRINCIPLES, WE SOUND A WARNING TO CHRISTIAN CIVILIZATION THAT ITS FOUNDATIONS ARE AGAIN BEING ATTACKED AND UNDERMINED. FOR THE REST, GOD WILL BRING HIS WILL TO PASS IN HIS OWN GOOD TIME AND HIS OWN GOOD WAY."

From time to time we hope to offer comment upon this notable document, a veritable storehouse of Mexican history, and a brilliant exposition of the fundamental principles of government. We trust that it will be read and studied by every American citizen, and we are confident of his verdict.

Dr. Butler on Academic Liberty

"THE university," writes Dr. Butler of Columbia, "remains the only present home of liberty, and apparently its only hope." We cannot bow to Dr. Butler's dogma. "Remains" implies an unbroken connection with the past, while in our opinion the chief result of half a century of American university education is the fairly common acceptance of the principle that man possesses no natural rights, and hence no right that cannot be abolished by vote of the majority. We do not see much hope, or any hope at all, for liberty under that political dogma. Nor can we forget the recent criticism of Mr. James Truslow Adams to the effect that if the present generation has destroyed most of the old landmarks in philosophy and religion, it has only put in practice what it learned in the American college and university.

The scholarly President of Columbia has temporarily lost his judicial poise. "Of course," he continues, "the university gives hearing to doctrines and opinions held by sincere and scholarly seekers after the truth which are by no means universally accepted, and which may indeed excite more or less violent opposition." As sincerity is no test of truth, and as scholarship may go far astray, there seems no incongruity in suggesting that even the university may properly place limits to the promulgation of doctrines and opinions. Two former professors at Columbia, Dr. H. W. L. Dana and Dr. J. McKeen Cattell, will testify that Dr. Butler himself drew the limit rather narrowly some years ago, when these two earnest and scholarly seekers after the truth expressed certain doctrines and opinions which did not fully square with the purposes of the Espionage Act.

However, we think we comprehend Dr. Butler's position. The genuine university must be a place which offers the sincere and earnest student every facility in arriving at the truth in any subject which he wishes to investigate. With that proposition we have no quarrel. But it is neither novel nor heterodox, nor does it menace Dr. Butler with the stake or the thumbscrew.

The public, it may be, will fail to draw Dr. Butler's implied distinction between the university, properly

the home of research, and the undergraduate school in which research is out of place. One of the many absurdities of American college administration is its attempt to deal with the collegian as though he were a person of matured intellectual development, able to winnow the wheat from the chaff in any mental pabulum placed before him, or thrown at his defenceless head. As a matter of fact, he is usually a callow youth, and quite often, a flapper. There is no reason why the searcher after truth, whatever his sincerity and earnestness, should be encouraged to present his theories to these boys and girls with all the force and solemnity of one who announces a new Gospel.

Many an investigator has assumed the attitude of stout Cortez, only to discover that he had been gazing at a mirage or a mill-pond. Mr. Pickwick, it will be remembered, was fully persuaded that he had come upon an ancient Roman inscription, and wrote a pamphlet, bristling with insult, to prove his contention. But his great discovery came from the hand of a hind who signed himself "Bil." Love of truth is one of the investigator's virtues, but two others, not less important, are eagerness to submit to criticism and a humility like that of Pasteur.

Christ in the School

MOST appropriately is the Feast of Our Lord's Nativity made a day of happiness for the child. The love of Our Blessed Lord for children, His esteem for them, and His delight in having them near Him, inspire some of the sweetest and most touching—as well as the most terrifying—passages in Holy Writ. An ancient legend brings a number of shepherd boys to the manger with their elders, and while there is no scriptural warrant for this, our ancestors were probably as correct in their pious musings as in their knowledge of boy-nature. We may feel quite certain that no crowd of boys, on hearing that their fathers had been led across the hills to Bethlehem by the song of a whole host of angels suddenly appearing in the skies, would long remain in the background.

But the pages dictated by the Holy Spirit give us repeated examples of Our Lord's love for the little ones of the flock. When the Apostles would have kept them at a distance, He lovingly called them to His side and blessed them. As the Apostles debated their rank in the Kingdom He was to found, He called a little boy, and setting him in their midst bade them find their model in the child's simplicity and unworldliness. Asked how man might enter into the Kingdom of God, He declared that none might enter unless he was willing to make himself like a little child. And on the day He entered the Holy City in triumph, how sweet to Him were the voices of the children who went out to greet Him!

Yet there was nothing soft in His love for children, even as there was nothing in His perfect manhood to account for the saccharine sentimentality that heresy, or piety gone wrong, has attributed to Him. Senti-

mentality takes and seizes and demands yet more; essentially it is love of self. But love thinks only of the beloved, and while there is an intercommunication of gifts "the lover sharing with his beloved and the beloved with the lover," love delights in giving and forgets self. So around children Our Blessed Lord threw the greatness of His love as a shield for their innocence; and no more fearful condemnation ever issued from His Divine Lips than that which He reserved for those who scandalize the little ones. Better, He said, that a millstone be tied about the neck of that man and he be drowned in the sea.

To Jesus Christ the child was a precious charge, and the love of His Divine Heart for "these little ones" has made all childhood sacred. Hence the solicitude of Christ's mystical Body, the Church, for the child has never wearied. She bids that at the earliest possible moment the waters of regeneration be poured upon his brow, and she anoints him as priests and kings are anointed. As the light of reason dawns, she teaches him to approach the Sacred Tribunal of Reconciliation, and with joy leads him to the Holy Table to refresh, strengthen and keep his soul, by partaking of the Heavenly Banquet. Incessantly does she impress upon fathers and mothers the duty of providing for the physical, mental and religious welfare of their children, and among their gravest duties she ranks the obligation of giving them a truly Catholic education. Ordinarily, this education can be obtained only in a Catholic school. Hence arises the duty also noted in the Church's law, of supporting Catholic schools, colleges and universities.

We Catholics in the United States have our faults, but it may be said in all truth that no other country in the world has as magnificent a testimonial to Christ, the Lover of children, as the Catholic parish schools.

Yet we realize keenly how much remains to be done. It is saddening to reflect on this blessed Christmas Day that at least half of our children are still in schools in which no welcome was prepared for the Christ-Child. Until all are safe in the fold we can not feel that we are carrying out the wishes of Our Lord. Our people, poor as they are, contribute generously to the support of Catholic education. The Christ-Child will be their reward. But on Christmas Day, as we approach the altar to receive in our hearts the Babe of Bethlehem, let us beg Him to bless our schools, from the kindergarten to the university; to enkindle in every Catholic heart an ardent zeal for the welfare of the Catholic school; to give strength and courage to our Bishops, our priests, and especially to those unsung heroines, the teaching Sisters, who in poverty and obscurity and in a spirit of self-denial to which the world is a stranger, sacrifice their lives to bring Christ to the child and the child to Christ. Love of the Christ-Child means love of the child. If that love is genuine it will show itself in love of the Catholic school which alone labors to secure for the child the riches of his inheritance in Christ Jesus.

None of Their Business

CYRIL B. EGAN

IF some women would mind their own business, they would be infinitely happier. But then, when one has not a very extensive business of one's own to mind, what is there to do if not turn altruist? And when one is an intellect and not a clod, room must be allowed for thought and its discussion, even though the thought prove painful to the thinker;—even though discussion, incongruously ahead of its time, jar like the ten-chime against the hour of one.

Miriam was an intellect; Miriam was ahead of her time; Miriam's business, that of minding a small but affluent family, was rarely in danger of overtaxing her energies. Hence she had a good deal of room in her head and her heart to compassionate keenly, in all honest sincerity, the misfortunes of others. But rarely had this fellow-feeling carried her away so completely as it did today.

And yet, she reflected as she set the supper table at which her husband was soon to sit, she had seen worse misfortunes. Why did this one so possess and obsess her, that her soul should revolt,—her very body tremble in passionate protest against it? She wished John would come home soon. Talk to the neighbors? No. John, the dear, was not the most brilliant man in the world; he generally said little, but he had an understanding way.

Presently John came in; but he looked so tired, she didn't think it fair immediately to plague the poor man with the mention of distressful matters. While the meal was in progress, she let him do the talking. He was fatigued but jubilant: he had just closed a deal, on the details of which he expatiated with satisfaction. She didn't pay much attention, but for the greater part of the meal her great dark eyes stared beyond her husband in the gloomy, baffled fashion of one who seeks—but fails—to pierce the veil of a mystery.

"Well, Miriam," he said somewhat reproachfully, when a servant had cleared away the supper things—"you haven't paid very much attention to what I've been saying!"

"No, John—I haven't. I'm sorry, but—"

"What's the matter?—Something gone wrong today? You're not sick, are you?"

"No. . . . But dear, I've been so upset . . . by that man,—you know the one who came to the door at lunch time?"

"Miriam, Miriam, the things you worry about! What on earth could *we* do?—Of course, it's all very sad and all that, but we can't give a perfect stranger the run of our house. It isn't done, you know."

She folded her hands in her lap, and gazing down on them, slowly nodded her head.

"Yes," she said. . . "I suppose it isn't done. And there's no danger I would ever do it; and that's what makes me so angry with myself as well as with the whole scheme of things.—When I think of the poor sad-faced woman that was with him, standing out there on the road. . . it doesn't seem fair somehow. Still I don't know what we could do about it; we can't let every Tom, Dick and Harry,—every Joe, Jack and May into our house . . ."

"Precisely the point. Besides, you said yourself he didn't ask to come here; merely wanted to know if we knew some place where they could put up for the night.—Why the deuce didn't they go over to your cousin Peter's place instead of to a private house? He'd lodge them,—that's his business. Peter would have plenty of accommodations for them!"

What was the matter with her help-mate tonight? Never had Miriam found him so pernickety.—And yet, after all, wasn't this his gruff way of trying to put her soul and her conscience at ease? Poor dear John!—

"You dear foolish child," she said in tender reproof,—"what a baby you are for grasping only the half of things! If you remember, John, you would insist on running off to work while the man was still standing at the door; you couldn't even wait till I had told all of his story.—'This isn't a boarding-house,' you said (Remember?); 'Send him to cousin Peter!' And away you dash to your affairs. Why, the man told me he had been to cousin Peter, and our precious relative hadn't a place to give him!"

"Great Heaven, you don't think that can be helped! There are a tremendous number of people in this town now, and Peter's place isn't big enough to put up the whole World and his Wife."

"Don't you think it isn't! I was down there late this afternoon, and I saw the World and his Wife. And the World had a big wallet, and the Wife dripped jewels like a king's courtesan; and Peter found a place for them very quickly. There are always accommodations to be found at Peter's caravansery,—if you have the money to pay for them!"

"My dear!"—There was a slight note of impatience in the husband's tone. "What do you want to do,—turn the town into a charity bazaar? I think you are pretty mean to Peter. Peter is a good fellow,—but business is business."

"Yes, business is business," said the woman in a hard, hopeless voice . . . "but do you know,—that woman is going to have a baby?"

"No!" . . . A cloud passed over the husband's face, presently to give place to a softer expression of piteous concern. . . "And yet, what else can be done?—Peter must make money to support a large family and an expensive wife. As for ourselves, if we were to extend our hospitality to this pair, every beggar in the neighborhood would learn of it and would immediately make pilgrimage here to work us for a good thing."

The woman got up from her chair, and paced the floor.

"That's true, John, that's true. . . Our hands would stretch out, but they are tied. And that's the pity of it!"

"Well then, dear, why worry further? It's not our concern. Why not forget these people?" He leaned back in his chair, surveying her with a quizzical stare, as if trying to fathom the restless mind of this hopeless neurotic.

She wrung her hands melodramatically. All the pent-up emotions of the afternoon now burst their dam, and proceeded in a torrent from her lips with a violence almost verging on hysteria.

"But I can't forget them. I simply can't. I've been thinking of them ever since noon-time, and of the bitter injustice of it all . . . And still, John, you're right. . . . *We* can't help it. It's not our fault. It certainly isn't our fault.—It's *their* fault!—What right have such folks to have a child? That woman is committing a crime,—a crime against herself! What right has she to make a drudge of herself for life, tied to a child that she'll hardly be able to support?—God never intended women to be slaves. And the pity of it is, these poor ignorant girls don't know the sin they are committing. They ought to be educated in these matters!"

John put his hand before his mouth to stifle a yawn. However, not to be too impolite, he nodded his head in assent. There was no stopping these outbursts; one had to let them wear themselves out by excess of fury.

"And to think that those people had to put up finally in a barn,—yes, John,—a dirty, filthy barn!—I saw them myself, just before sundown, going into one, a half mile down."

"Uh-huh!" said John.

"O, it's obscene, it's indecent.—To think of bringing a baby to light in a place like that! It's a sin against humanity. It's a sin against the infant! What is going to become of a child born in dirt and poverty and squalor and—"

"Dear, dear, you do get excited over the most—" (The high hysteria of the woman had broken down this harassed husband's resolution to listen through her tirade in silence)—"over the most—"

"How can I help but get excited? How can any one with a heart softer than stone, help but feel sick when she thinks of that helpless unborn baby and that

poor, foolish mother?—It's not right, I tell you,—it's not right!—What do you think will be his fate,—a child born in such barbarous surroundings, with every handicap of environment against him? . . . *God!*—who knows? *He'll probably come to the gallows, and break his mother's heart!*"

John was a long-suffering husband; so he showed no sign of anger at this most uncalled-for scene made over a matter which concerned themselves not at all. He only said, once the storm had subsided somewhat:

"I think, my dear, we would both be the better for a little walk in the air. It's the most beautiful night out of doors."

And so they walked, and the beautiful night did have a reposeful effect upon his wife's high-strung nerves.

"What a pretty star," she said, throwing back her head when they were some distance from the house, and indicating the most brilliant point of light in the heavens . . . "What a *pretty, pretty* star over that stable!" Presently she lowered her eyes to the moody contemplation of more earthly things . . . "And yet (Isn't it strange?) I can't get those people out of my mind . . . that woman or her child . . . especially the child . . . I can't get . . . I can't get—"

The husband patted her shoulder.

"O, I wouldn't worry," he soothed. "What's the sense of it?—He's not our child, and anyway—*He may turn out all right!*"

"AND JOSEPH ALSO WENT UP . . . TO BETHLEHEM."

The earth doth show a weary face
While night deep shadows flings,
And waits as little children wait
For one who comfort brings.

The winds sing softly, wistfully,
A tender baby song,
That stirs her lonely empty arms—
The time cannot be long.

A golden cradle swinging,
In the garden of the sky.
The moon hath broke her patience sweet
And softly does she sigh.

The trees their shadows drop on her,
All lacy is her dress,
They crown her hair and shield her eyes
Soft as a child's caress.

Thus she rides wrapt in her dreams,
That I may never know
My joy to guide the beast for her
With careful steps and slow.

Yet as we go my heart is high
Shorter seems each mile
For I have seen within her eyes,
The dawning of a smile.

ELEANOR M. LEARY.

The Aloysian Crusade

WILLIAM I. LONERGAN, S.J.

AS far as Catholic achievement in the United States is concerned in the matter of stimulating and fostering the ideals of Christian youth and furthering their loyalty to the Holy See, it is unlikely that anything so significant has occurred as the departure Romeward recently on the liners *Majestic*, *Roma*, and *Berengaria* of three student groups representing practically every Jesuit high-school and college in the country. These young men, all between the ages of fourteen and twenty-five, number more than a hundred, and they have gone to the Eternal City on the invitation of the Sovereign Pontiff to pledge at the tomb of Saint Aloysius, patron of Catholic youth, along with Catholic young men from the rest of the world, their own and their schoolmates' adherence to the religious principles and practices for which he was so conspicuous, and to manifest their fidelity to the Vicar of Christ.

Early last June, apropos of the second centenary since Aloysius' canonization, His Holiness addressed a letter to the youth of the world reminding them of its approach and expressing the hope that it would afford an occasion "to bring about the spiritual renewal of all the young people." In part the Pope wrote:

A singular note in the life of the Divine Master is His special love for the young. . . . The Church having imbibed this very spirit . . . began, therefore, to take up the care of the physical and moral welfare of the little ones; to open schools and universities and instruct her children from the first elements of knowledge to the highest. . . . The Church has always claimed that to impart such education was her own and inviolable right. She could not help teaching before the whole human race entrusted to her care, that she alone possesses the true doctrine of morality and that she is the only safe teacher of the most difficult art of forming the true character of man as is becoming to a Christian. . . .

Remembering the many bands of young people that during the Holy Year came to Us, We feel once again the joy We then felt, when We thought that with such bands organized in all countries, it would be possible one day to form a strong yet peaceful army of which the Holy See could make use for the renovation of a decadent world. . . .

We are not unaware that many educators of the young, frightened by the moral corruption of our day through which so many youths plunge into ruin to the deepest detriment of soul, and desirous of removing from civil society such a serious calamity and loss, are all intent on thinking out new systems of education. We wish that they could properly understand that they will be of no service to the State, if they neglect those methods of action and that discipline which, derived as they are from the fountain of Christian wisdom, and tested by the long experience of centuries, Aloysius found in himself extremely effective—a living faith, the flight from seductions, self-control, active piety to God and the Blessed Virgin, and a life frequently refreshed and strengthened by the Bread of Angels. . . . We deem that those who lack the interior virtues which so splendidly shone in Aloysius are neither fit nor equipped to face the dangers and battles of life. . . .

In the spirit of these words and in the hope of rallying Catholic youth to a manly imitation of their patron and devotion to the Holy See, the papal letter then invited them to Rome to share the festivities of the canonization anniversary, December 31. Subsequently as part of the

celebration program they were asked to pledge themselves to the observance of the Aloysian "Plan of Life."

We promise (it reads) to keep the Catholic Faith that is in each of us secure from the doubts and dangers of unbelief and impiety; to be loyal subjects and defenders of the Catholic Church, the Spouse of Christ and our dear Mother, and to protect her faithfully against all attacks; to make Catholic ideals and principles dominant in our lives, and for this end to study to increase our knowledge of our religion; to show in our daily lives that true strength of character consists in self-control, and therefore to maintain a spotless purity despite the temptations and allurements of pleasure around us; to strive to acquire a truly Catholic character, showing gratitude towards our parents and benefactors, being firm in friendship, kind to the weak, gentle to the suffering.

An analysis of the plan reveals that it embraces the primary duties of Catholic life. Whoever abides by it will certainly be put beyond the pale of those moral lapses and that un-Christian philosophy of living that constitute the modern youth problem.

The young men who are making the Aloysian pilgrimage from the United States carry with them the signed pledges of more than 10,000 of their fellows adopting this "Plan of Life." These handsomely bound together, they will present to the Holy Father to be later placed on the tomb of Saint Aloysius in the Church of St. Ignazio in Rome, where the principal celebration will be held, and where they will remain a lasting memorial of the fidelity of American Catholic college-men to the ideals of their patron and of their efforts practically to realize them in their own lives.

Of the pledge His Holiness himself says:

There is question here of something more than the composition of a formula. . . . It is our wish that the young of today should take upon themselves the inauguration of a new epoch of Catholic enthusiasm. . . . Let our young men feel ashamed to stand idly by and confine their zeal to complaints and regrets for the abuses that surround them. It is in the hands of such as they, crusaders in a new and nobler manner, that the Cross of Christ can be once more borne at the head of the forces of civilization, a pledge of a new era, more lofty in its ideals and more intense in its Catholicity.

Leaving New York the pilgrims departed with the God-speed and blessing of His Eminence Cardinal Hayes, who graciously granted each of the groups an audience. Felicitating them on being chosen to represent their various student-bodies, the keynote of his remarks was the appropriateness of their profession of loyalty to Saint Aloysius and to Christ's Vicar at a time when all authority is being so flagrantly rejected, and he expressed to them his wish that in the sacred atmosphere of the Eternal City during their Christmas holidays, they would catch the spirit of Christ that is so marked there and so much needed in the world.

For the most part the students who make this trip are the popular choice of their comrades. They are honor men in their studies, leaders in campus-activities and distinguished for their high moral principles and manly Catholic piety. They symbolize American Catholic education and all that it connotes. They come from Seattle and Gonzaga in the Northwest, from Saint Ignatius, Santa Clara and Loyola in California, from Springhill!

and Loyola in the South, from Boston and Holy Cross, from Marquette, St. Louis and Creighton, from Fordham, Georgetown, Canisius, and Loyola (Chicago), from Campion and St. Mary's,—to mention only the colleges and universities.

When the revolt of youth, especially against religious dogma and purity of morals, is a commonplace, it is significant and encouraging that such numbers of Catholic collegians should be subscribing to the Aloysian program and that these young idealists should be going as pilgrims to the tomb of their patron and the center of Catholic unity.

The Aloysian pilgrimage promises extraordinary re-

sults. For the pilgrims personally it has many advantages. Chiefly however there will be the inspiration that must come to enthusiastic youth from contact with the great realities of life, and an increased consciousness of the worth of their religion. Imbibing its spirit at the very source, they will carry it back and spread it among their fellows. They go to Rome fervent pilgrims. They will come away quasi youthful legates *a latere*, and return to the United States they love, zealous crusaders to initiate the peaceful but powerful warfare the Pope ambitions they should wage, and win, to realize his dream "to bring about the spiritual renewal of all the young people" and "the renovation of a decadent world."

The Peace of the Christ-Child

ROBERT R. HULL

YOU will likely say that it is impossible to conceive of an agnostic and misanthrope like Nietzsche preaching the Gospel. Yet that is what he did in a part of his philosophy, unconsciously without doubt, but nevertheless the Gospel. God makes even the wrath of His enemies to praise Him.

Nietzsche distinguished between three phases in the development of the "over-man": camel, lion, and child. The camel spirit preaches and practises "service." Then, after experience with the ungratefulness of the people, the serving one revolts. The revolt comes at the precise time that his personality has been exhausted by pouring forth his bounty on others. He then becomes a lion, seeking his own, his life the antithesis of that charity which "seeketh not her own." (1 Cor. 13: 5.)

But this is not the end. Only when the soul passes beyond the lion stage of its evolution is it reborn, is it "beyond good and evil," is it arrived at that liberty which knows no law because it acts in complete harmony with its inner nature. It must become a child again!

At this point we shall leave Nietzsche who, in spite of himself, came around to the truth at last in one blinding moment. That is actually what one must become, if he would enter into the Kingdom of Heaven—a child.

If we will substitute for "camel" the figure of the "lamb" we shall have, as the two aspects of the personality of Jesus Christ, the lamb and the lion. St. John the Baptist, at the beginning of Our Lord's public ministry, pointed to Him and said, *Ecce, Agnus Dei*. (St. John 1:36). He came, in His first advent, as the Lamb of Sacrifice, the Burden Bearer,

appealing out of His boundless charity to the house of Israel. He announced that He refrained from judging the world. Nothing could be more attractive to gregarious mankind than His Infancy and Death.

And yet! Even then He told His disciples that He would come again to judge the world. The picture which He drew of that remote, yet always imminent, event is surcharged with terror. In that day will the heavenly bodies themselves shudder, the sackcloth of mourning and senility will clothe the sun, and the wounded moon will drip with blood. "And then shall appear the sign of the Son of man in heaven: and then shall all the tribes of the earth mourn: and they shall see the Son of man coming in the clouds of heaven with much power and majesty." (Matt. 24:30.)

The next step we shall take is to combine the two figures of "lamb" and "lion" in one Divine personality. Turn to the fifth chapter of the Apocalypse. What a wealth of thought one finds there! There appears the Book of Judgment sealed with seven seals "in the right hand of him that sat on the throne." (Apoc. 5: 1.) No man, living or dead, saint or sinner, was able to open this book of retribution nor so much as look thereon. The weeping seer of Patmos is directed to look again at the scene of the Throne—to look for "the lion of the tribe of Juda, the root of David," who had "prevailed to open the book, and to loose the seven seals thereof." (v. 5). Now, the significant thing is that, when St. John looked for the Lion of Juda, he saw "in the midst of the throne. . . a Lamb standing as it were slain." (v. 6.).

The latter information is given by way of identification. The Lion, about to rise up to the prey, to lay low the kings of the earth, is "the Lamb that was

slain." But the dominating figure in all the judgment-visions of the Apocalypse is the Christ of the austere aspect, who comes suddenly to the conquest of a sleeping world, striking terror to the hearts of His enemies and slaying them with the invincible arrows of His glittering quiver. Christ, then, is the Lamb-Lion.

This can mean but one thing; and that is that in place of altruism and egoism we have in Christ a perfect equilibrium. In the main men search in vain for this balance. They are swung from pole to pole and are never at rest in the center. The attainment of this equilibrium is the winning of perfection.

How, then, may altruism and egoism be reconciled; the lamb and the lion lie down together (Isa. 11:6)? In the Child! The Holy Scriptures declare it "a little child shall lead them" (Ibid.). It is in the Kingdom of the Child that the blessed vision of the prophet knows fruition. "They shall not hurt, nor shall they kill in all my holy mountain, for the earth is filled with the knowledge of the Lord, as the covering waters of the sea" (Ibid, v. 9).

The Child gathers up the severed cords of altruism and egoism in the love of God. They are bound and tightened on His golden harp, where they, under His touch, yield harmony and melody: so that the soul of him who is handled by the Musician knows happiness, even as He is perfectly happy. A third factor must come into the equation. Love of self is unsatisfactory, and love of others is just as unsatisfactory—alone. The overmastering and dominating love must be the love of God. Then only will it be possible to fully obey the commandment: "Thou shalt love the Lord, thy God, with all thy heart, soul, mind, and strength; and thy neighbor as thyself."

Young children know no malice. Their loves and their inimical reactions are spontaneous. They soon recover from an outburst of rage, and all is again serene. For these reasons, no doubt, Our Lord chose a child to illustrate the type of character He desired.

How tender—more tender even than those of the King James, or Protestant, Bible—are the words of Isa. 40: 11, in the Douay Bible, "He shall feed his flock like a shepherd: he shall gather together the lambs with his arm, and shall take them up in his bosom, and he himself shall carry them that are with young"! The Child is leading them.

Happy, indeed, are those who follow the cult of the Bambino, as they say in Italy, who love the Divine Babe in the manger, the boards of the stall and the hay, the ox and ass standing nearby. Such may every day have Christmas in their hearts! How gentle He is with the lambs! He gathers them up. He is not like the cruel shepherds whom Ezechiel saw, that scattered the flock (Ezech. 34). The Son of David now snatches the lamb out of the paw of the lion and the paw of the bear (1 Ki. 17:24-37). He places the wounded in His bosom, and to those who are near parturi-

tion, heavy with travail until Christ be formed in their flocks (Gal. 4: 19)—He says, "I myself shall carry them!"

Man I not appropriately close with the invitation of the Sacred Heart which forms a part of that Johanne passage in the Gospel according to St. Matthew (11: 27-30) that may be used with such telling effect against those critics who profess to find evidence that the Christ of the Fourth Gospel is not the Christ of the Synoptists?—

"Come unto me, all ye that labor, and are burdened, and I will refresh you."

Here is no abstract principle, understood only by the philosophers. He made, in fact, no mere principle the foundation of His house. It is a Person who invites. He is Himself the center of His system. And He invites those who are weary with labor, who are burdened, who are tired of Kiwanian and Rotarian "service," who are weary indeed of the world itself, of drawing, like those asses of democratic politicians of whom Nietzsche spoke, the people's carts!

Wait, if this seems harsh. God could have supplied even Nietzsche's craving. There are some ethical duties about which Christians agree with democrats, but not at all because the conception or the philosophy of them emanates from the people. Do you refrain from murder because it is unsocial, or (fundamentally) because God has prohibited it?

After withdrawal, after refreshment, then service. But not the "service" of Kiwanis or Rotary, although the latter species of "service" is sometimes found to be genuine. It is the service of God.

MARY'S QUEST

"O Joseph, I am glad
They spurned us from the inn;
How could He bear the mad
Carousal and the din,
The reek and garish flare
Of smoking torch and dips,
The leer, the curious stare,
The mock of ribald lips?
For none would there divine
The Treasure that I bring,
My bosom's inmost shrine
So sweetly burdening."

"As down the shadowed fields
Gleamed Bethlehem's dim lights,
I saw a tent that shields
The shepherds, wintry nights;
The bleat of lambs I caught—
The low of kine—the breath
Of sweet mown grass—and thought
Of far off Nazareth.
O find the path that leads
Back through the nightwind's sting,
And make this thatch of reeds
The palace of our King!"

LOUIS J. HARRINGTON.

Madam Kollontay, Red Envoy to Mexico

MARTHA MOORE AVERY

NO scheme of life has bulked so large in the imagination of the red feminists as that which Madam Kollontay now has in hand to work into the warp and woof of Mexico. It is to be a radiant transcript of that hitherto elusive thing—Democracy. "Mexico is being born anew!"

On Mexico's Independence Day the Soviet Ambassador Petkowsky was given a farewell dinner. Movies showing the burial of Lenin entertained the Students' Federation and the Workers Organizations, while President Calles and his eloquent labor ministers by flaming orations turned the Independence they celebrated into an "Anti-Clerical Day," exults the *Daily Worker* (New York). More significant yet are the days to come, after the arrival of the new Soviet Ambassadors, Alexandria Kollontay.

For an all-inclusive revolutionary purpose, Madam Kollontay comes as the world's first and only woman diplomat of ministerial rank to Mexico. It is her expressed hope to bring the country from which she is accredited—Soviet Russia—not only "closer to Mexico but to the United States." "That would be the proudest moment of my life."

The first woman ambassadress is not a stranger to the deep-dyed reds and the radicals of one country. Her voice is of potent influence with those here who clamor for the substitution of the freedom of women as against the thralldom of family unity and integrity.

If this woman's very red activities were as well known to those American women who defend human nature, as it has been regenerated by the Cross of Christ, then would Columbia have a heaven-sent bulwark against her arts; arts that have been known to rebellious women ever since our natural mother Eve brought sin and death into the world by upsetting the just balance between liberty and license in favor of the sensation of the hour. If only America's truly religious and patriotic women were aware of the meaning behind this formidable propaganda!

Coming to America soon after the flame of war began lapping up the peoples of Europe Madam Kollontay engaged in her double mission of propagating materialistic Communism and of gathering information useful to the German Government. Madam Kollontay was later available for the Soviet propaganda in America and the Socialists here took advantage of her activities for an extensive and intensive agitation tour. Again this "key feminist" of Bolshevik propaganda toured the country, going to California. In 1922 she was at home in Russia functioning as the Commissioner of Social Welfare, and from this office was sent as ambassadress to Norway. During these years Madam Kollontay has so gained in world prestige that her name and fame became a power to conjure with even at our Federal Capital.

Both the right and the left wing of American feminism—The National Women's Party and the League of Women Voters, the right boring from within, with an assumed conservatism, and the left most outspoken for political dictatorship by women—look to Kollontay for instructions in sex matters. Her book "Communism and the Family," which out-Bebels Bebel's "Women," was cited before the Federal Committee and by the Federal Children's Bureau (Bureau Publications 67—p. 175) as the "most comprehensive study of maternity benefits and insurance in any language."

What this should signify to those in America who hold the conviction that the family is the necessary unit of civil society, is that Madam Kollontay has already a base here from which to fire at long range directly into our Capital at Washington, since the powerful sex-lobby there maintained is in sympathy, if not in organic fact, her political ally. Besides her feminist associations here, the Soviet Ambassadress has contact with groups of reds and radicals under whose auspices she toured the country in 1916. With the added distinction of being the one woman diplomatic chief in the world, has not Alexandria Kollontay a superb status of intrigue against the principles upheld by Christians and, too, of the American form of government?

Yet these hard and fast facts are little regarded by many who hold a large measure of responsibility for the information upon which public opinion is grounded. The many leading journals that have been listed as sending out the placid little query: What "possible harm" could this woman do "in a country where Communism hasn't the slightest foothold?" missed the significance of Madam's power to turn a vast multitude of minds in the wrong direction—utterly away from public interests and from family integrity as they have been builded up by the acceptance of Christian discipline.

Since it is the mind that makes the man, it is either the naiveté of innocence or the credulity or incompetence that would tolerate a propaganda to overthrow belief in human responsibility with no opposing propaganda in its defense.

What then is the objective of this very astute woman? Plainly it is not the conquest of the mind of the Mexican régime—that has already been brought low. With regard to America it is to persuade a powerful continent to accept the Soviet idea of world administration and domination. This battle is long drawn, but the danger within does not come from what a mere handful of political Communists could do, but rather from the constant flow of words conveying to the public mind the belief that the pleasures of the flesh and the material luxuries of life may be secured for all, once they are freed from the restraints set up by their belief in a Christian code of conduct.

Just as scientific production has harnessed the phy-

sical forces and appropriated the material substances of Nature with a big N—thus filling the markets with commodities and men's pockets with cash, now come the proposed scientific processes to lift the burden of child-bearing from the backs of women. Already "emancipated" women—those who long ago repudiated the idea of the love of God and the fear of hell—may take advantage of surrender to the sex urge with careless freedom as to consequences. Without a quiver of an eyelash, though with troubled eyes, and with a lip movement that is meant for a smile, they set forth facts to show that other great powers of nature have been brought under control in the service of the race.

Now since these scientists have power so pragmatical as to assume control of all other matters in liberating society from the drudgery of life, what should prevent the most advanced women from setting up clinics to save, especially, the working women from going with vulgar frequency into the valley of death by making free to them the latest devices in escaping the consequences of child-birth?

A multitude of sob-sisters are in the market with dramatic appeals against the sentence of Almighty God that in the travail of the mother the child shall come into the world. They read the signs of family disruption and the current sentimental revolt against sex-license within the marriage bond as the basis for uprooting the moral obligations that come with Christian marriage. That these twain are one flesh does not come within the scope of their ideology. Plainly, their philosophy rests upon the notion of a Pantheistic evolution, either supposedly scientific or of the crass materialistic variety. Mass-production is bringing material utility to perfection. Why not utilize the sex-urge and bring sentimentality to perfection? Why not eliminate unwelcome children? All else is under subjection "but love, the greatest of all powers, unbridled, undirected, still devastates mankind."

"What possible harm" could Alexandria Kollontay have done in passing through America? The answer is simple. Red Russia's Ambassadors to Mexico has many followers here, and it is the clamorous opinion of all American reds that "a Calles is wanted everywhere." His régime in Mexico has the philosophical support of vast numbers here—even on editorial pages—who, incited by an undemocratic democracy, see economic class-equality as the basis of freedom and they see sex-equality as an integral part of their scheme of Communistic Conquest. Who, then, has a wider fitness than Madam Kollontay for spreading their propaganda against Americanism and against the inherent equality, not of a classless society, but rather, of all classes within the body politic before the civil law?

The plain fact that Americanism is based upon the nature of man as man, upon the human equality of his inalienable rights, does not enter into their appeal

for followers. Having eliminated God from their explanation of things, there is, of course, logically nothing human or Divine in their category of rights. Perforce, they deal only with civil grants when they are in power. This "key feminist" has broadcast far and wide the arrant nonsense of a classless society and the absurdity of sex equality. Her travels and her books have taken her opinions over the world. To those persons who presume to be advanced in those matters she is well known, on the continent in the East and in England and America. Alexandria Kollontay has six languages at her bidding. She has the skill to turn to Soviet advancement every tale of capitalistic bigotry and oppression and every canvas of the ill-conditions of family life throughout the world.

The Margaret Sanger elements are amongst the throngs who would welcome her. They bespeak with rejoicing the degenerate vision of all the radical feminists of our country that great things may be expected from this first woman Ambassador of the world: "With the yoke of medievalism thus thrown off we can anticipate a splendid development of the government work for Birth Control already begun in Mexico."

What "possible harm" could Madam Kollontay do, together with her host of sympathizers here who would turn America red? No possible harm, if only good citizens knew her objective to be what in fact she is headed for—a ruined America—a Godless desolation.

On the Use of Reason

HILAIRE BELLOC

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I AM sorry to say that with the passage of the years I am coming to a conclusion which would have seemed quite mad to me when I was young. But I cannot get away from it. The conclusion is this: that part of the intense exasperation which the Catholic Church arouses in its opponents is due to the fact that it uses the human reason and trains those who have been brought up under its authority to use their reason also.

A couple of life-times ago, to have said a thing like that would have been not only odd (which it still is), but in the ears of most people a contradiction of the truth. The great quarrel against the Church down to about the middle, or a little after the middle, of the nineteenth century (and it had then been going on for a hundred years) was the complaint that the Catholic Church refused the use of the reason. Indeed, its enemies were proud to call themselves "Rationalists" when they were clear-headed people, and when they were muddle-headed they would at least put forward the claim that they had applied reason to religious affairs, and were therefore more "moderate" than the Papists.

One of the fashions in which these latter people,

by the way, applied their reason to religious affairs was to believe that miracles took place quite normally until some date about 2,000 years ago, and then suddenly stopped—but that is a digression.

Anyhow, the old quarrel against us was that we did not use our reason. It was based upon the perfectly true statement that we made affirmations on the authority of our religion which transcended reason (as we said) and that, at any rate, as both our enemies and we were agreed, did not depend upon reason.

But now the wheel has gone full circle—as it always does in these affairs. Just as we were denounced for not being biblical enough, and are now denounced for being too biblical, just as we were denounced for supporting popular rights against Kings and Governments, and are now denounced for supporting kings and governments against popular rights, so the old quarrel against us that we did not sufficiently use the human reason is turned upside down, and we are blamed for using the reason too much, or rather for using it at all.

Now let us be clear upon this matter, however much our opponents dislike clarity. The truth about the human reason is that it is absolute in its own sphere, but that its sphere is limited. It cannot go wrong when it is working upon absolutely certain premises, and in a perfectly logical fashion; but, on the other hand, there are a great many exceedingly important truths—it would be truer to say an infinitely great number—with which the reason cannot deal and which have to be accepted as they stand upon some kind of authority.

The modern attack upon reason (which is an essentially anti-Catholic affair) does not confine itself to pointing out this very important truth, that a great part of reality is not to be discovered by reason, but only on authority; it questions the value of the human reason itself, and it does not perceive, what ought to be perfectly obvious, that if you deny the value of the human reason, it is futile to discuss any subject or to maintain any system of philosophy whatsoever. To argue a thing when you have already laid it down that argument is valueless is to stultify yourself.

This modern attack against the use of the human reason takes, as all false philosophies do, a popular as well as a "highbrow" form. Among the "highbrows" you have the people who sneer at plain mathematics, who sneer at the syllogism, who tell you that time is an illusion, who waive aside any cogent piece of proof with the remark that it is "mere dialectic." But it is never the "highbrow" in this work who do the active work of evil, though they are in part the originators of it. It is the popular form of any new evil which we have to watch. And in this popular form the attack on reason is evident all around us.

For instance, there is apparent in his thousands the man who boasts that he is "practical, and not logical."

There is the man, also apparent in his thousands, who tells you that such-and-such principles may be all very fine, but they do not "work." There is the man who tells you that he reveres the idealist, without considering that the idealist is to be revered according to his ideals only. There is the man who tells you that no doubt this or that statement is flawlessly deduced, but that "he feels in his bones" that it is false. All these people and their dozens of relatives in other forms are taking part in the modern revolt against reason.

We have had an example in the last few weeks in the case of a nullity suit. The Catholic Church maintains that marriage is binding for life; it also maintains that marriage consists in certain elements, one of which is the free consent of the contracting parties; another, the freedom of each contracting party from any living partner at the time the marriage was made.

Men who regard it as quite normal for marriage to be a sort of leasehold with the right of divorce differing in every State and getting wider and wider with every decade everywhere, are horrified at the plain reason of an institution which says "valid marriage is indissoluble, but invalid marriage is not valid marriage."

There is indeed one department of human activity in which men are very careful not to repudiate reason, because it is the department in which they would immediately suffer by such repudiation, and suffer in what they love most—which is money. If you were to say, "I propose a law by which no contract of sale shall be valid for more than ten years": that is, a law which made the security of tenure in land or other property impossible, there would be a howl of indignation; the person proposing the law would be told that he had principles opposed to the rights of private property—which would be perfectly true. But if in a State which allows the rights of private property a man brings up a contract before a court of justice on the plea that it is invalid, and the judge decides that it is so, and that the contract need not be enforced, no one would call that judge a Communist nor an offender against the rights of property.

Yet these two cases are on all fours with a forbidding of divorce and the allowing of the annulment of marriage. If you use your reason you will see at once that they are exactly parallel. But in this recent controversy, when the reason was so used, the argument immediately brought on the other side was: "We cannot help all that, but somehow we don't like it."

You have the same trouble about the use of the reason in matters of education. Men come to you and say, "Why not accept the general principle that children should be taught common Christian principles, with no dogmas?" That to a rational being is exactly like saying, "Why not accept the principle

that people shall be given to eat dishes which they all agree to like, but without giving them food?" Or it is like saying, "Why not confine our reading to that which is of common interest without allowing any fiction, travel, history, biography, or anything of a definite class?"

Is there a remedy for this present evil, the neglect of the human reason, the attack upon it? I think there is. The evil is growing and will get a good deal worse before it begins to get better; but there is a remedy, and I think that remedy is Time.

We should always remember, when Catholic common-sense is attacked from any one angle, that at some certain time ago, which one can nearly always fix precisely with dates, it was attacked from another angle.

When we were being attacked for our attitude toward the Bible, no doubt the Catholics of that day, while marvelling at the ineptitude of the attacks, felt discouraged that such ineptitude could exist, and, seeing that it did exist, thought it permanent. Yet in a little more than a hundred years that old form of attack ceased to exist.

So I think it will be in this matter of modern distaste for reason. We shall have other assaults, more vigorous I hope and more worthy of our steel, and more calculated to separate the wheat from the chaff. But this particular one will hardly survive the chaos of the generation in which it arose.

Sociology

Christmas Eve at Fezziwig's

PAUL L. BLAKELY, S.J.

"IN came Mrs. Fezziwig, one vast substantial smile. In came the three Miss Fezziwigs, beaming and lovable. In came the six young followers whose hearts they broke. In came the young men and women employed in the business." For it was Christmas Eve and old Fezziwig celebrated by giving a ball.

Was there ever such a ball! As famous as the festive gathering on the eve of Waterloo, old Fezziwig and his fiddler who "tuned like fifty stomach-aches" and his guests can still charm a smile from Scroogean visages. His warehouse, as snug and bright as any ball-room in Park Lane, was, if reports be true, considerably dryer. And now the company troops in, keen and vivacious, three-and twenty couples—perhaps more, but not too many, for old Fezziwig had plenty of room at the height of the fun for his perfectly marvelous terpsichorean performances. Here is the housemaid with "her particular friend, the baker" (an ancient form, I take it, of "her boy-friend, the baker"), and the cook and the milkman, and the boy from over the way, who looked hungry, and the girl from the next door but one who used to have her ears pulled by her mistress; and all who helped to provide a home where Mrs. Fezziwig could continue to smile and the three Miss Fezziwigs to beam and be lovable and break (each one of

them) two hearts, and to make old Fezziwig's an establishment which could give a ball every Christmas. Most of them belonged to a class once designated in this country, or in some regions of it, "the hired hands" as though they were merely disembodied anatomical specimens incapable of anything but toil. Old Fezziwig belonged to a different school. He looked upon them as human beings who could dance and make merry, and enjoy the cake, the cold roast, the mince-pies and—I deeply regret these items—"the negus and plenty of beer" he provided for them. They were his "workers" but they were also the family, and he was the patriarch.

No doubt, it is impossible to put all of the Fezziwigian touch into modern industry. Fancy Mr. Henry Ford giving a ball to his 32,000 employes, or picture the officials of the G. M. C. standing at the door like Mr. and Mrs. Fezziwig "shaking hands with every person individually as he or she went out, wishing him or her a Merry Christmas!" The thing can't be done. Fezziwig's retinue consisted of two apprentices who with a shocking disregard of hygiene slept under a counter in the back-shop, and a few clerks and porters. His interest in them could be personal and intimate. They gave their work and in return received a home, and the balance, if any, was not in favor of Fezziwig. Judged by modern standards, or even by standards then prevailing, their financial recompense was not overpowering; but, to quote Scrooge, "What then? The happiness he gives us is quite as great as if it cost a fortune." For it is not money that brings happiness, but "words, looks; things so slight and insignificant that it is impossible to add and count 'em up." Fezziwig kept his workers happy by avoiding causes of discontent. In brief, he had formed a company union which he ruled with a spirit so tempered by kindness that even the appearance of injustice was quite impossible. Capital and labor made their respective rights secure by stressing their respective duties.

Company unions, as the *Chicago Journal of Commerce* admits, "can become a farce. They can be dominated by the officials of the company. They can be made mere putty in the hands of these officials. When this is so, the company union does not represent the employes' interests. It represents only the employer's interests. And therefore it is the humbug which trade unions declare it is." This is an honest confession. But it can and should be balanced by the admission that the trade union can become a power that is corrupting. It can insist loudly on the right to wages and whistle softly on the duty of honest work. It can turn an honest man, who left to himself would scrupulously honor every obligation, into a fanatic who places the fiat of his union above all law, human and Divine. Company unions fail because it is a rare company indeed that is a Fezziwig, and some trade unions do grave harm to the real interests of the workingman simply because their members are convinced that the heads of the company with which they deal are Satan, Scrooge and Shylock. It is evident that there is lamentable misunderstanding on both sides.

Catholics, it is sometimes said, underestimate the forces that can insure industrial peace and look to remedies that are impracticable. Such was the criticism made nearly forty years ago of the Encyclical of Leo XIII "On the Condition of the Working Classes." Yet it is clear that far from condemning legislative action in the disputes between capital and labor, the Pontiff recognizes that such action can become a strict duty. "To attain the purpose We are treating of," the Pontiff writes, "not only the Church but all human agencies must concur." Yet Leo XIII did not find the first or the chief remedy in legislation or in private compacts. He pleaded for the recognition "of rights wherever they exist" and first of all for the recognition of the rights of Almighty God. Both capital and labor must know and acknowledge the law of God; with that strong prop of society gone, to quote Washington, there can be no lasting peace. The master, in the Pontiff's view, was to look upon the worker as his fellow-man, his equal as an image of God, and the worker was to give his honest labor in return for a wage sufficient to support him in frugal comfort. In other words, Leo XIII did not think that a program which omitted the authority of Almighty God over His creatures could solve the social problem. "If society is to be healed now, in no other way can it be healed save by a return to Christian life and Christian institutions."

More imperative than ever in this day of expanding industrialism is the program of justice and charity offered by the Pontiff. The little shop, like that of Fezziwig a century ago, is now but one in a chain of a thousand. The old personal contact of worker and employer becomes rarer, because more difficult. Its modern form must be fidelity to duty, and that attained no man need fear for his rights.

Education

Our Pagan Christmas Days

MARK O. SHRIVER

CHRISTMAS, according to the old saw, comes but once a year. To some of us moderns not wholly submerged beneath the tides of sensualism in these latter days, it is evident that the statement is not overdrawn. Indeed it sometimes seems as though Christmas as Christians know it never comes at all from one year end to the other. Of course December 25 drifts by shortly after the sun has rounded the equinox and started on its journey towards the North, but Christmas,—well, as Mr. Kipling says, that's another story.

There was a time, and not so very long ago, when the minds and hearts of men were attuned to the real significance of the day, and then it was that the Child whose birth is celebrated had a very real part in the ceremonies. Nowadays attention is centered on this orgy of handing out presents which ordinarily, a normal person "would not have as a gift." There is annual waste of dollars running in to uncounted thousands which might well be more usefully employed

in channels other than those suggested by the enterprising merchants who make this so-called "X-mas" the head and front of everything in the closing days of the year. Window shoppers in all the Fifth Avenues of the land readily sense the near approach of some great and outstanding event, for there are sprigs of holly and sprays of mistletoe blossoming everywhere, and the show windows are crammed with bright new merchandise set out to lure the passers-by to purchase. Book-stall and news-stand are laden with gaudy copies of the periodicals, feature numbers of double and treble size with an extra quota—for good measure—of plain and fancy advertising reciting in tumultuous phrase the undreamed of virtues of every sort of luxury and necessity of life. And nowhere word or sign of the good tidings of great joy that soon shall be to all the people. Christmas as a word and fact is quite forgot. "X-mas" they call it, to eliminate the last fleeting reference to the "Christ Mass" that the season really is.

But all this is no sudden change. It has been accretion rather than avulsion. So gradually has the kaleidoscope turned, that few appreciated until the turn was complete, and it was plainly seen that X-mas had left nothing of either Christ or the Mass. Each year the lack of real religious feeling becomes more manifest to those who hold to the traditions of the past and the Christmas of the bygone days.

The reason for it all is not far to seek. Once, every school was a religious school, privately endowed under religious domination or frankly church-endowed. They bore the burden of educating the youth of the land. There was no tax-supported "non-sectarian" system until the middle of the nineteenth century. Colleges and schools of lower grade were supported by Catholic and Protestant alike, and religious beliefs were strong. Men held creeds to which they adhered and there was dogma in every group. With the free tax-supported system came indifferentism, and the spirit of undenominationalism. Each sect stood firm for its own in the beginning; it would permit the tenets of no other to be taught. Then as no religion could be taught and no religious practice was allowed, a disregard of all was speedily developed. That was natural, since obviously if any religion is so unimportant that insistence on its precepts is a matter of no consequence, when all agree that no precepts are of any especial consequence, whatever faith may have survived among the people speedily disappears. Once established, the free-school system spread rapidly, and with it spread disregard for creed, contempt for dogma. But a little while and, as Mr. Bird S. Coler says in his "Socialism in the Schools," "Christmas was taboo and Easter a subject prohibited. No one believes there was ever a Mercury with wings on his heels, and that may be taught. Every one knows there was a Jesus of Nazareth, but that must not be mentioned." More than two generations have been

trained in these schools. Christmas has disappeared and everything is centered in "X-mas." The Divinity of Christ, His Godhead, the Virgin Birth are swallowed in a wave of earthiness. Christmas is a festival and not a Feast.

The gaudy, tinselled, greeting cards bear testimony to the scant regard in which it is held; yule logs, gay mummers, red coaches, tooters of strident horns, holly-berries and snowdrifts a plenty, but scarcely a word of the Star of Bethlehem and the sandy deserts across which the Wise Men rode following the star to the manger and the Babe who will make Christmas Christmas until the last trump shall sound. What it all leads to is the annihilation of religious belief among the people, and the dissemination among them of a spirit truly and wholly pagan. Paganism and its fruit brought an end to the great empire of Rome and they will involve America in the same ruin. Washington, in his Farewell Address, truly said that no nation could endure unless it were supported by, and its people held to, strong religious principle. To appreciate the meaning of Christmas, to estimate justly the peace that is to come, there must be a virile, earnest faith, and an enduring belief in the fundamentals of Christianity. These there can never be so long as American children are trained in schools from which every mention of religion is excluded.

Today reference to the Saviour whose birth is celebrated is shut out of the free-school system, tax-supported though it be, and there are countless thousands of little children who have never even heard that the twenty-fifth day of December is celebrated by civilized people because, and only because, it is the birthday of the Son of God, born of a Virgin. Poor children, taught to look on the closing days of the year as a winter holiday; a season of rest from studies; a time for presents given and received; of overeating and indulgence. Poor youngsters! For them religion is found neither in godless schools nor barren homes and the fault lies with those men and women with festering souls, themselves trained in godless schools, lacking both influence and feeling of the higher nobler things above and beyond the material creation. What has that all to do with Christmas? Ah, it is the head and front of all this seeming neglect, these weird disorders, this startling lack of faith. Christmas has become a time of heathen jollification not from any effort to make it so by those with goods to sell and profits to take alone, but because so many parents and children have been trained in schools from which the central facts of humanity have been utterly shut out; have grown and are growing to their full maturity ignorant of why they were made, or by Whom; heedless of everything beyond crude corporeal comforts.

It is not wandering very far afield to consider the crime waves, the never-ending unrest, the everlasting disregard for law and order and authority. Neither would those things be were religion taught in the

schools, as is done, for instance, in Great Britain and in Canada. Surely they would never be were the true doctrine of authority taught in season and out; were boys and girls taught from childhood that there is a destiny that shapes our ends; that there is a Power above the things we see and hear watching over and directing every one of us; a Power which has established laws flowing naturally from His creation and that consequently all authority is from Him, the uncreated and eternal God born in a stable on the first Christmas while angel choirs sang the first carols telling of the birth of the Child who was to bring peace on earth to men of good will.

With Scrip and Staff

THE stay-at-home pilgrim is as old an institution in the Church as the actual traveler. They form one spiritual whole: the traveler carrying with him the petitions of the home-folks while sustained by the prayers of those who voyage with him in spirit. So too the Aloysian Pilgrims of this month go as representatives of all our Catholic students of this country, whom the Holy Father invites to receive Holy Communion and to renew the Aloysian Pledge on December 31. This general Aloysian communion on the last day of this year is not merely a pious remembrance of a great Patron. It is the summons to a crusade, a campaign to be waged by new blood, with new fervor, against the world-evils that can only be grappled with by the élite of our Catholic boys.

DURING the war we learned, in a physical sense, the power of organized youth, of mass-movement. The moral power of organized students has been seized upon by the Communists of every country as the most effective means of their progress. The Komsomol, the League of Communist Youth, is their vanguard in Russia, and their carefully nourished groups in our secular colleges are their chief hope for the United States. To quote General de Castelnau's November message to the National Catholic Federation of France:

The idea of "mass maneuvering" is no longer confined to military tactics and strategy. It has spread to all the phases of human activity: political, economic, social, financial. We do mass-operations in dollars in trades-unions, in elections. The only way to do anything effectively today is by mass-movement. If Catholics are not ready to accommodate themselves to these exigencies of the present-day world, they will be no better than a handful of dust, at the mercy of the least breath of the evil spirit.

So too the cause of the "Peace of Christ in the Kingdom of Christ" will be won by the union of our Catholic college boys in connection to that ideal, and furthered by the world-wide contacts that result from such unions.

ONE of the three Aloysian pilgrims, from Gonzaga University, Spokane, Washington, is a full-blooded Coeur d'Alene Indian, Lawrence Nicodemus, of Tekoa,

Washington, a graduate of the Mission School at DeSmet, Idaho. Lawrence's expenses are being paid by his grandmother, Mrs. Susan Antelope. If we had a few more of such grandmothers our boys could make their influence for good felt in a way that so far we have never dreamt of. Just to show that everyone is concerned in the Aloysian venture, I have learned that the pilgrims from Seattle College are taking with them the pledges signed by the pioneer students, colored, of the Cardinal Gibbons Institute, Ridge, Maryland.

MY friend the Princess, who always has a keen eye out for the good things that the Faith can afford us, has reminded me in her usual pointed way that this is the last week for the Jubilee. She herself has made it three times, which process I cannot understand, since the Holy Father has clearly said that it may be made twice, but not more, by any one person. However, she says the third time was for a safe-guard, since at all of her first visits she was distracted by the frayed spots on the altar-cloth. She has also her usual suggestion for New Year's, which I have learned to anticipate, but never to escape. On Saturday night, just before closing the sacristy door, and hiding the key where it may be conveniently found, she usually runs the polishing-cloth over the sanctuary lamp. When nights are cold and clear, she claims that can make out its red flicker across the leafless woods, and is disturbed in her good-night to our Lord by the thought of the churches where no provision is made for thus honoring the Savior's presence.

"Wouldn't it be a really wonderful Christmas gift," she repeats, "to give the maintenance of the lamp to some poor church for the New Year! Only thirty dollars, just only thirty dollars! And when you woke up on rainy nights you would be thinking of the light, and then of the good Lord, and of what you were doing for Him!" Her figures are correct, so Mr. Rouser, an experienced man, tells me, for his pastor mentioned them the year that they bought the pedestal for St. Anthony; but he balks at the word "only." However, this can be left to the reader's judgment.

THE PILGRIM.

CARRYING CHRIST

Into the hillside country Mary went
 Carrying Christ, and all along the road
 The Christ she carried generously bestowed
 His grace on those she met. She had not meant
 To tell she carried Christ; she was content
 To hide His love for her: but about her glowed
 Such joy that into stony hearts love flowed
 And even to the unborn John, Christ's grace was sent.
 Christ in His Sacrament of Love each day
 Dwells in my soul a little space and then
 I walk life's crowded highway, passing men
 Who seldom think of God. To these I pray
 That I may carry Christ, for it may be
 Some would not know of Him except through me.

RUTH MARY FOX.

Dramatics

Midwinter Plays

ELIZABETH JORDAN

THAT translation of a French drama by Bourdet, "The Captive," which we have twice condemned in this department, and which is now playing at the Empire Theater to audiences that strain the capacity of the house, has been passed upon this month by New York's so-called "Play Jury." By a vote of six to five—one member not voting—the jury has decided that "The Captive" is a fitting entertainment for New York. We begin to feel that it is. It is dawning upon us that any play, no matter how bad its theme or treatment, is good enough for New York. Obviously New York wants such plays, must have them, and will get them.

The verdict of the jury delights New York and surprises no one. Our Play Jury is a standing joke to intelligent persons. Supposedly selected from a panel of five hundred representative citizens it has throughout its existence condemned exactly one play. Producers had agreed to take off any play thus condemned, but apparently the promise held good only in case no plays were condemned. As soon as this particular play was condemned its producer robustly announced that he would keep it on, anyway. He did keep it on for weeks after the jury's finding, and he then took it off only because the public had ceased to attend it. We have already offered New York the faded yellow lily of an acknowledgment that it no longer attends plays merely because they are nasty. They must also be well-written and well-acted. The condemned play was neither, so it perished.

A little later the Play Jury delicately suggested that "a few improper lines" should be taken out of another play. That is the total of the jury's critical work thus far, though it has seen various plays at the suggestion of the authorities and has given them its coy approval. In considering "The Captive" one juror did not vote. We earnestly suggest that in the jury's future deliberations no juror votes.

Now we will talk about some clean plays—beginning with "Daisy Mayme," written by George Kelly and presented by Rosalie Stewart at the Playhouse. Mr. Kelly, as everyone should know by this time, is the author of "Craig's Wife," an excellent play which took the Pulitzer Prize last year. The Pulitzer Prize has once or twice been given to plays which were not excellent, but that is another matter. In this instance the award was a just one. Mr. Kelly also wrote "The Show Off," a capital comedy which was a big New York hit several seasons ago. Nothing succeeds like success. After a playwright has produced two "hits," almost any producer will put on almost anything he offers, and almost any critic will praise it. Producers, public and critics were "all set" for "Daisy Mayme," and when she came they were not disappointed,

though it is doubtful whether they would have given her the rousing welcome she received had her way not been so well paved by her predecessors.

"Craig's Wife" was a really big play. "The Show Off" was a brilliant comedy with at least one character in it that will live in theatrical history. "Daisy Mayme" is a good evening's entertainment, well-written, well acted, clean as a soap-bubble, and of about the same texture. Mr. Kelly has it in for family life. He takes an axe to family life in "Craig's Wife," and he light-heartedly blows family affection away from him in the new comedy. He shows us the appalling collection of human beings who, in his opinion, make up the average family group; but whereas they were tragic in "Craig's Wife," they are merely amusing in "Daisy Mayme." In both plays he has the same type of noble and suffering man, imposed upon by all the women he supports.

Mr. Kelly needs to meet some fine, self-respecting women who are supporting sick husbands or educating younger brothers. We can give him off-hand the addresses of several dozen of these, and so could any writer of AMERICA. Mr. Kelly's work would be even better if he had met a few such women. In the meantime "Daisy Mayme" is warmly commended to AMERICA's theater-going readers. Even though he does not need it, we owe support to a newly-risen playwright whose invariable decency is a brilliant torch in our present theatrical murk.

Is there another clean play in town? There is, and no others than the producers of the notorious "Goat Song" and "Glass Slipper" have put it on! "Ned Cobb's Daughter," by Sidney Howard, the latest offering of the Theater Guild, is holding the boards at John Golden's Theater (sub-leased by the Guild), and is a well written, superbly acted play with a lot of drama in it. The first night audience was the most enthusiastic the Theater Guild has had for several years. It even remained to cheer and call out the players after the final curtain, an unusual demonstration at an hour when every man in the audience is trying to beat his neighbor to the street to get the first taxicab.

Most of the action of the play is against the sinister background of a dead man in his coffin, and the dead man is Ned McCobb, a Maine citizen of honor, killed by the shock of the discovery that his only daughter has married a scoundrel. The rest of the play shows us the daughter subjected to the schemes of this scoundrel and his brother, equally a scoundrel, and how she circumvents them. It is fine entertainment, and the acting of Alfred Lunt as the leading villain, and of Claire Eames as the wronged wife, are among the best of the season.

The Guild's revival of Bernard Shaw's "Pygmalion" was not as thrilling to this chronicler as to some others; but we recommend it as another clean attraction! One reason we remained luke-warm is that we missed hearing most of the lines, and if one

can't hear the lines in a Shaw play, where is one? However, we had seen the play when Mrs. Patrick Campbell brought it over in 1914, and we had also read the printed version. Moreover, Lynn Fontaine was quite wonderful as Eliza Doolittle, the flower girl who was made into a lady; so the evening was well spent.

There is a new operetta in town, and a gorgeous and smashing one, "The Desert Song," superbly produced at the Casino by Lawrence Schwab and Frank Mandel. Sigmund Romberg wrote the music, and if any operetta music could be better than that of "The Vagabond King," here it is. There is a men's chorus which excels that in "The Student Prince," if such a thing could be, and there are half a dozen songs that now bring tears of pleasure to the eyes, and are pretty sure to drive us half crazy in the next year or two through their constant presence "in the air." Of these the best are "The Riding Song of the Riffs," "The Desert Song," and "One Alone." As if all this were not enough, the operetta has a real plot and a good one.

The men have the best of the music and also, fortunately, the best of the voices. Robert Halliday's singing is about the finest in the musical comedy field to-day, and the voices and work of his associates, Lyle Evans and William O'Neal, give him full support. It would be gluttonous to demand beautiful voices from the women, and one does not get them. The production has one flaw and only one, the vulgarity of its pair of comedians. Why an offering so stunning and so sure of success without them should be tainted by the presence of these two it is hard to understand.

No other operetta quite touches "The Desert Song" in beauty and appeal, but another Shubert production, "Katja," written by Frederick Lonsdale, with music by Jean Gilbert, and put on at the Forty-fourth Street Theater, is also a charming thing to look at and listen to, and it makes an ideal holiday attraction for the young of all ages. There is a Monte Carlo background, a royal princess as the star, a prince as her lover, and the usual diplomatic and financial complications. There is charming music, which we shall hear everywhere this winter, and there is an active and attractive chorus. See "The Desert Song" first, then "Katja," and after that "Queen High" and "The Wild Rose." "The Wild Rose" is presented at the Martin Beck Theater, the most beautiful playhouse in New York, by Arthur Hammerstein, and is brightened by the presence of William Collier and Joseph Santley. "Queen High" is another of Lawrence Schwab's offerings, and to say that is to say enough. Mr. Schwab is one of the producers of "The Desert Song." Incidentally he is about the best judge of good musical comedies to be found in the theatrical field. Now who says we cannot be enthusiastic when things are really good!

We have said nothing of the New York appearance

of Madame Cécile Sorel because there is so much to say. And yet our readers know most, if not all, of what we might write here. The great actress of the *Comédie Française*, the leading theater of France, has brought to us the kind of plays her countrymen approve, and is presenting them according to the highest traditions of the French stage.

To Americans, who are hastening to the Cosmopolitan Theater to polish up their French, many of these traditions seem antiquated; and certainly such plays as "Camille," which most of us have seen at regular intervals since we were infants, have lost their lure for our theater-goers. The beautiful art of Madame Sorel should be seen, however, both because it is beautiful and because it is an art that is passing; and her best medium during this American engagement appears to be the new version of Madame Du Barry's life, "Maitresse du Roi."

THE SHEPHERDS' SONG

Christ is born, Christ is born,
Where is the manger all forlorn
Where the Messiah sleeps?
He's come, He's come, the promised One,
Where is He, God's Own Son,
Of whom the Angels sang?

Angels sang, Angels sang,
Heaven and earth with glory rang,—
We cannot well explain.
We seek, we seek, the stable cave,
Where is the Babe, Who came to save
Israel from sin.

To save from sin, to save from sin,
Haste to the cave and enter in—
Behold the wondrous Child.
O Christ, O Babe, we Thee adore,
Hast done so much, yet will do more.
O glorious day of days!

JOSEPH F. HOWARD, S.J.

REVIEWS

Ignatius Loyola. By PAUL VAN DYKE. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. \$3.50.

Professor Van Dyke's life of St. Ignatius, Founder of the Society of Jesus, is an intensely interesting and arresting performance. It also, of course, invites immediate comparison with Henry Dwight Sedgwick's portrait of the same Saint. But whereas Mr. Sedgwick saw the man through the spectacles of that theory of religious emotion which we call Modernism, Professor Van Dyke is from first to last a historian, anxious only to wring the last bit of objective truth on his subject from all the evidence available. Be it said at once, also, that the historian possesses a complete knowledge of that evidence, and makes able use of it, without attempting to prove anything further than that his picture is the true one. For this he relies in the main on the contemporary testimony of the Saint's own confessions, and the writings of Polanco and Ribadeneira. This leads him, indeed, into unduly long polemics with later writers, whose embroideries he is rightly anxious to cut away, but the result is a portrait which is admirable, both in ensemble and in detail. Professor Van Dyke's style, through sacrificing brilliance to painstaking care, lacks some of the startling quality of Sedgwick's but his

Ignatius is vastly nearer the original than the latter's. He has a way of settling disputed points with a sort of serene common sense that is its own recommendation to credence, and he has also succeeded in throwing new lights on the character of his hero. He finds it, indeed, hard to explain the opposition the Society met with from Catholics, without seeing that this has been caused by the fact that it has always defended the universal character and jurisdiction of the Holy See against the local and national pretensions of Catholics of various countries. To pass over smaller blemishes, the most serious one is an inadequate treatment of the Spiritual Exercises; but this is a natural disadvantage of his objective treatment, so admirable in other ways. The Exercises cannot be appreciated without reference to the commentators, who preserve the unwritten tradition of generations reaching back to the author. Professor Van Dyke's analysis is a dry recital of the principal points, a bundle of bones with no flesh and no spirit. The *New York Times'* reviewer doubts that Ignatius' character can be so deeply spiritual and altogether unworldly as his biographer makes out, otherwise how explain the facts that he has so many enemies and that his Society was suppressed? As if the fact that a man or an organization is calumniated and attacked must necessarily mean that there is something the matter with them! Professor Van Dyke has made, with sympathy and insight, a real contribution to the truth.

W. P.

The Art of Being Ruled. By WYNDHAM LEWIS. New York: Harper and Brothers.

It is safe to predict that this book will not be a best seller. For the intelligent reader acquainted with modern philosophical and social theories it is intriguing and thought-provoking, sustaining interest from beginning to end. The treatment, it seems, is intended to arouse contradiction and thus promote discussion. For the ordinary educated man, the strain of assimilating its ideas is altogether too severe. The style labors under too many involved sentences and obscure allusions, and it is frequently doubtful whether the author is speaking his own mind or summarizing the opinions of others. The development of the various questions appears fragmentary and disjointed, too many other topics intervening, so that it is somewhat difficult to follow the trend of the discussion. The author mercilessly lays bare the hollowness and futility of many popular shibboleths and catch phrases in modern political, economic, and social life, such as revolution, liberty, democracy, popularized science, and the like. His purpose is to disentangle the good from the bad. He is particularly brilliant in exposing the true nature of "feminism" as a modern political factor, but devotes rather too much space to homosexuality, which, it seems, is peculiarly rife in post-war England as a result of war-psychosis and the spread of neo-paganism. As a solution of Europe's economic problems the author strongly inclines to Fascist rule on the model of Mussolini's administration. Though the author shows Catholic influence, his standard of morality seems utilitarian and certain remarks on religion, the priesthood, the character, teaching, and ideals of Christ are, to say the least, strange. His peculiar system of capitalization in accordance with French custom (french he would put it) is at first rather confusing.

V. F. G.

The Franciscans in England: 1224-1538. By EDWARD HUTTON. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin Company. \$2.00.

The Friars Minor have a varied and interesting history, the main lines of which are here traced in sympathetic spirit by one who is not a Friar, nor probably even of the same Christian communion with them. The historian of the Franciscans in England must give much that pertains to the general history of the whole order. The leader of the opposition in the great troubles brought about by Elias of Cortona was the Englishman Aymon of Faver-

sham; Oxford was the most brilliant center of the Friars, harboring as it did their great protector Grosseteste, Roger Bacon, and John Duns the Scot; finally from the same halls issued that storm-center, William of Ockham, the sign of scholasticism's decadence. There are some finely detailed chapters on the entrance of the Friars into England that carry much of the charm and simplicity of the early chronicles, and the closing chapter offers minute and interesting details about the suppression, drawn from that mine of documentary information the "Letters and Papers of Henry VIII." The prime of the friars and then their decadence, with one of its chief causes, the Black Death, is well illustrated. Roger Bacon's incompatibility with his age has in this work been set in stronger colors than those given by Lynn Thorndike, a greater authority on Bacon's intellectual position. There are perhaps a few misinterpretations of facts, as for instance where Mr. Hutton argues from the sole example of William of Ockham that the English Franciscans were traditionally not opposed to the political and financial objects of the English Reformation. The narrative suffers from some obscurities of style and a few repetitions. The proof sheets have not been carefully gone over. But the matter is solid and is fortified throughout with source-references.

P. M. D.

The Cowboy and His Interpreters. By DOUGLAS BRANCH. New York: D. Appleton and Company.

Time was when lettered people, if they thought of the cowboy at all, thought of him as an uncouth fellow who washed his face in a tin basin and used a community tooth-brush. But Frederic Remington took up his palette, Theodore Roosevelt went West, Owen Wister created his unbelievable Virginian, and the merry game was on. The cowboy became one of nature's strong, silent noblemen, rugged perhaps but deeply virtuous; armed, indeed, but only in the cause of righteousness. So he has remained; so, too, he will remain unless some change of heart, at present unforeseen, takes place at Universal City and in the editorial offices of the various western-story magazines. For Mr. Branch's book, though a contribution to the truth, is not apt to make a very strong impression. It is too sketchy to attract the serious student of Americana and too spiritless to please the more popular taste. This is unfortunate, for there is much in it to repay the reader who, while too busy to go to the sources, is yet curious to know something of the real figure which gave rise to the ornate "bronco-buster" of the rodeos. That figure first came into existence in the early Texas times, and now, after having passed up to Wyoming and Montana, is nearing his end in Arizona—a pity, perhaps, but inevitable for, as more lucrative industries grow up, the risky business of cattle-raising must disappear. At all events, it is to be hoped that more books will be written which may enable us to remember him as he really was.

D. P. M.

BOOKS AND AUTHORS

Legends That Interest.—An ancient tradition connects both Joseph of Arimathea and King Arthur with the Abbey of Glastonbury. Just what basis there is for the claims and the genesis of the traditions and their development, make an interesting study by J. Armitage Robinson, "Two Glastonbury Legends" (Cambridge University Press). As the author remarks, though these legends are not sacred in the religious sense, they are truly venerable and have greatly influenced the story of the past and left an abiding mark that is evident in the nomenclature of the present.

Medieval hagiography is responsible for many of the stories that center about the Saints. A new printing of an English version by the late Barrett Wendell, of an old French chronicle of Carolingian days, is concerned with the "marvels" that made up "The History of the Translation of the Blessed Martyrs of

Christ Marcellinus and Peter" (Harvard University Press, \$5.00). The original intrigued Huxley in its therapeutic aspect; it interested Wendell chiefly because of its vivid glimpses of life in the ninth century. As published it is apt to appeal rather to the scholar than the popular reader.

Spiritual Translations.—Aspirants to the interior life will find abundant matter helpful for spiritual reading and meditation in recent reprints or translations of treatises on various aspects of the supernatural life from the pens of recognized ascetics. To the edition of the spiritual works of Abbot Blossius being published by Benziger Brothers two new volumes, both edited by Bernard Delany, O.P., have recently been added: "The Sanctuary of the Faithful Soul: Part II" (\$1.25), rich in counsels for holy living, and "The Paradise of the Faithful Soul" (\$1.25), a rule of the spiritual life. As the tenth of the "Orchard Books" the same firm has issued "The Mirror of the Blessed Life of Jesus Christ" (\$1.65), by Nicholas Love, a fifteenth century mystic, who in a series of devotional and inspiration papers sketches the chief events in our Saviour's career with suggestive thoughts for the spiritual profit of the reader.—Of the same type is a translation from the Catalan of the well-known Spanish mystic, Ramon Lull, of "The Tree of Love" (Macmillan), done by E. Allison Peers under the auspices of the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge. Allegorical and mystical, it is hardly for the popular reader.

Clients of the Blessed Virgin to whom the works of Blessed Louis-Marie Grignon de Montfort are familiar will welcome a translation into the vernacular by the Rev. Andrew Somers, S.M.M., of "The Reign of Jesus Through Mary," (Benziger, \$1.15), by Father Gabriel Denis, S.M.M., meant to be a practical handbook of the True Devotion to our Lady. Blessed de Montfort's, "The Secret of Mary" begins the book, though it is also published as a separate brochure.

Juvenile Spirituality.—The principal end to be gained in religion classes for children is that of impressing the child so deeply with the doctrine and its personal application that the child will remember in the years to come. Pedagogical experience shows that this end may be attained very successfully by the story-method of teaching. In "Teacher Tells a Story" Book Two. (Benziger, \$2.00), Rev. Jerome D. Hannan, D.D., offers a story for every school-day of the year. The greater number of these are made to illustrate the meaning of the Apostles Creed; these are arranged in sequence and cover well the various aspects of the articles of the Creed. While the child is absorbing the deeper meaning of the truths, he is also learning practical applications of them to his own life. The second part of the volume offers suggestions to the teacher for lengthening the story and casting it in a dramatic form. Dr. Hannan will have the blessing of many an earnest teacher who finds in these stories a solution for her class-problems.

Another little volume of stories with a purpose is "Chats and Stories about the Blessed Sacrament" (St. Nazianz, Wisconsin, \$1.25), by Winfrid Herbst, S.D.S. Greater love and deeper understanding of the Eucharist are engendered by these readable little discourses.

Any Catholic child that likes to read will be delighted with "A Simple Life of Our Lady" (Herder, 75c.), by a Sister of Notre Dame. The story of the Blessed Virgin is told with a most engaging simplicity of manner; and the reflections which it suggests are those which would appeal very strongly to the child-heart.

"Every Child's Garden" is a libretto of verse and pictures issued by the New Hope, Scranton, Penn., for the benefit of Native Missionary Catechists. The pious little poems may well serve as memory lines for the children, they have good thoughts and attractive jingles.

The Dead Ride Hard. Page Mr. Tut. Manifest Destiny. Galahad. Harvey Garrard's Crime.

When a writer takes the Red Terror to build a story around, the readers may rightly expect some thrills. They will not be disappointed in Louis Joseph Vance's "The Dead Ride Hard" (Lippincott. \$2.00). The author gives a strong picture of the bloody and brutal reign of the Reds in Hungary; he paints in no uncertain strokes, in a manner that will certainly win no friends for terrorism's cause, or for its leaders. The central figure of the tale, however, is a beautiful, brave and loyal girl, who, with a young American of Hungarian parentage as her guardian angel, offers to the reader a side of the story that is as bright and winning as the other side is dark and revolting. It is a powerful story.

When the reader turns the last page of "Page M. Tutt (Scribner. \$2.00), by Arthur Train, he will be sure to hope that Mr. Tutt will be paged many more times before this kindly and genial old gentleman leaves this vale of tears. For Mr. Tutt's object in life is to broadcast joy. Sometimes in his methods one gasps at the way the improbable is leaped over, but one always is glad that the improbable finds no barriers when it means happiness for some one else. "Page Mr. Tutt" will be a good book to recommend to those who, from sickness or any other cause, are passing through some of life's darker moments.

Thrilling are the tales of those hardy frontiersmen who, like Boone, forged the outposts of civilization from the rough material of nature's store. Equally fascinating and important are the triumphs of those other pioneers, the so called filibusters, who won for us territories beyond price. In a "Manifest Destiny" (Brentano. \$2.50), a term that seventy-five years ago was the watchword of our country, Arthur D. Howden Smith has made to live again one of the most interesting figures of the middle nineteenth century. General William Walker, and his expeditions to Nicaragua, was at one time the talk of the nation; he was the center about whom was once waged the war of abolition and slavery. But over and above the mine of historical data unearthed, the author has told a tale of romance and chivalry worthy of an Arthur and his Round Table; and withal, couched in a language worthy of the tragedy depicted.

After exploiting the private life of Helen of Troy, John Erskine turned his investigations to the personal affairs of the Arthurian knights. He has added new myths to the time-honored legends about them in his "Galahad" (Bobbs-Merrill. \$2.50), which carries the significant sub-title "Enough of his life to explain his reputation." Galahad was pure and undefiled, according to the old version; Mr. Erskine blames it on his education and makes his virtuousness synonymous with an extremely disagreeable prudery and snobbery. Guinevere, Arthur, Lancelot and the first Elaine all have a part in creating the physical and mental equipment which Galahad possesses; but they are all dismayed by him. There are few reticences in the story; the philosophic concept underlying it is debilitating and irreverent. Galahad needs a new Tennyson to champion his good repute.

Two gravely serious problems confronted Harvey Garrard in E. Phillips Oppenheim's latest romance, "Harvey Garrard's Crime" (Little, Brown. \$2.00). The first was that of saving the business which he had inherited but of whose conduct he knew nothing. This he effected by "borrowing" a million dollars and by shrewd trading. The second problem was his wife; this he solved by the simple process of a divorce. It is true that she was miserably mean and selfish; but, she was his wife. The lovable young lady who takes her place was also a prime factor in salvaging the business. The story has all the glamor and brilliance that characterize Mr. Oppenheim's romances; unfortunately, it is an argument, strongly forwarded, in justification of the claim that divorce is a happy solution of marital problems.

Communications

The editors are not responsible for opinions expressed in this department.

Pope as Temporal Ruler, 1826

To the Editor of AMERICA:

In December, 1826, President John Quincy Adams formally recognized Charles Picot, Martin Mantin and Henry Parrett, Esquires, as "Vice-Consuls of Pope Leo XII for the ports of Philadelphia, and New Orleans" (Boston Patriot, December 23, 1826).

Here is a historical bit that is worth developing. It is probably the first and only time in our history when the Holy Father, as temporal ruler of the Papal States, had trade representatives in our port cities. Has any reader of AMERICA, in Philadelphia or New Orleans any record of the above gentlemen?

Lowell.

GEORGE F. O'DWYER.

This Child: a Sign to be Contradicted

To the Editor of AMERICA:

The angels may have known, certainly the shepherds did not suspect what a war was being set on foot that quiet night at Bethlehem. Age-old, the tides of it this year are rolling high in North America. "Out of the trenches by Christmas," men were saying a decade ago. Not so in this struggle. Calles is but one adversary in a line that stretches from Herod to Anti-Christ. The Ku Klux Klan are nobodies in a host whose name is legion. It is the old, old word of holy Simeon: "Behold this Child is set for the fall and for the resurrection of many, in Israel, and for a sign which shall be contradicted."

Are Catholics afraid at the winds and the waves? Not while the Master is by, though He seems to sleep. Our fathers in the days of Imperial Rome took the Child and hid in the earth; they fled with Him into the mountains, as in Ireland; with Him they have gone into exile from France. Kings, emperors, tyrants, mobs, armies, savage tribes, in the long years—*per ipsum et cum ipso*—we have faced them all, "And out of many hearts thoughts have been revealed." Within these few weeks a stripling in Mexico dies before a firing squad, his last words—"Live Christ, my King!"

So has it been and so will it be even to the end. The gentle Child of Bethlehem, whose coming meant peace indeed, yet again not peace but a sword, has ever had strong hearts, noble hearts, eager to drink the chalice that He drank. His closest followers have been privileged sufferers. For ourselves, in a land of liberty and justice, we may hope the hour shall never come, as it has this year to Mexico, when Christmas shall find our churches empty, the shepherd struck, the sheep scattered; but if in the providence of God such a day should ever dawn, may we by His grace have no less love for the Child of Bethlehem than have the brave priests and people of that unhappy land this sad Christmas, in prison, in exile, in death, but ever worthy warriors for the Kingdom of Christ!

Weston, Mass.

THOMAS J. STOKES.

A Hero-Ideal for American Youth

To the Editor of AMERICA:

If we had saints like Ruth or Tunney or Grange, how easy it would be to win American youth for Christ!

There is such a saint proposed as the model of Christian youth to-day in St. Aloysius, yet he is often thought effeminate and even foolish. If it is effeminate to withstand the blandishments of pleasure, and forsake the endearments of home; if it is weakness to master self with a will of iron, and to love Jesus and Mary with the heart of a seraph, in what does true strength consist? Again, if that wisdom which penetrated the sham and witchery of the world, the prudence which so successfully settled his brother's legal disputes, and the charity which caused

him to give his young life in the service of the plague-stricken was foolishness, St. Aloysius was foolish, but with the folly of the cross.

If, then, the life of St. Aloysius does not appeal to many, it is not because he was a "prude," but precisely because they lack his pluck.

Here is a hero worthy of our American youth, who brings, besides, a challenge for their mettle. True, he did not play at Braves' Field or the Polo Grounds, but on the grimier gridiron of life. In his grandstand were the King of Kings and the Queen of Heaven and Earth, with the whole celestial court. He fought beneath a "cloud of witnesses."

The sporting sheet star may seem the man of the minute, but the hero of heaven is a saint forever. Few can play the game with Ruth or Grange, but all can fight for the far higher goal which Aloysius gained.

Newton, Mass.

J. R.

The Poorest Mission of the Southwest

To the Editor of AMERICA:

Every year the Marquette League, with offices at 105 East Twenty-second Street, New York City, makes a special Christmas appeal for one of the neediest Indian missions of this country or Alaska.

This year in answer to the earnest request of Father Gerard Brenneke, O. F. M., the appeal is made for St. John's mission, Komatke, Arizona, the poorest mission of the Southwest. Father Gerard writes:

For over a quarter of a century, St. John's, the poorest of the Southwestern missions, has known only water so alkaline that even the cattle will not drink it unless dying of thirst. Recently we struck a well of pure water over a mile from the mission buildings. It will take a mile and a quarter of four inch pipe to carry it to the mission. Surely love of the Christ Child will prompt friends of the League and our needy Indian missions to do their share this Christmastime toward giving this cup of cold water in His name.

Father Gerard's appeal is supplemented by a letter of Rt. Rev. Daniel J. Gercke, Bishop of Tucson, giving his approval and blessing. Bishop Gercke, says:

Two years ago the Franciscan Fathers had to turn away 300 little ones from the school, because they were too poor to provide for them. Must these precious souls be lost to the Faith? They need not be, if members of the Marquette League and friends of our Indian Missions will help Father Gerard.

The ardent words of Bishop Gercke and Father Gerard will surely touch the sympathetic hearts of friends of the League and our neglected Indian mission priests and Sisters and the little ones under their care.

New York.

WILLIAM FLYNN,

Secretary, Marquette League.

"Tremendously Arrived"

To the Editor of AMERICA:

I suppose I should begin by saying that I am a woman, for surely in such a disclosure I stand excused for my seemingly having missed the point (not that I really think I have) in Father LaFarge's learned article called "Hard Corner," the last of a series he has written on the Negro question.

My light brain, acknowledging its incapability in discussing the depth and breadth of that big subject has struck against the Hard Corner of the article and gone off at a tangent with a wee chip thereof. The chip I grasped was but a bit of the trimming, Hard Corner itself standing beautifully without it. In architecture sometimes the beauty of the lacy stone-work intrigues the eye far more than the massive grandeur of the whole, so it is, the big theme leaves me cold and unresponsive; but I am lured by the picture Father LaFarge portrays so clearly and in such few words of the bejewelled "tremendously arrived personage."

The lover of logic will immediately argue that to arrive means that one must not always have been at that certain destination.

But Madame, Father LaFarge tells us, had tremendously arrived and he is gently ironical over the idea. Why this amused tolerance? Is it that he does not believe that women ever really arrive? Perhaps not all in Packard sedans, it is true, or with modulated voices or even on time, but they do arrive and tremendously too. There is no need to review history, a finger placed at random points to that feminine warrior-saint of France or again, the discoverer of the precious particle of radium. No, it must be some particular arrival of which he is so skeptical.

I think the gentle *Padre*, while standing at the street corner awaiting a safe crossing, was afforded amusement by the evidence of the utter self-assurance of social success personified by the lady in the sedan. It is that great goal which causes so much unrest—the constant strain to raise one's head above the motley crew and breathe in the more rarified atmosphere of the chosen few.

Men sweat and strain that they may be recognized as excellent providers for their family, that the brilliancy and number of diamonds flashing on the wife's highly manicured hands may out-shine and out-number those of their neighbors. The coveted invitation to join some exclusive men's club is a marked step along the road to social success. And the skimping and planning of the women—Mary's pretty little party dress becomes "such a smart dance frock, my dear." The best parlor curtains no longer recognize themselves after emerging from their bath of cold tea, in their efforts to duplicate the charming ones hanging in the windows of Mrs. Snob-Gold on Park Avenue.

It is a never ending task. The constant guard lest a false move disclose the hidden door behind which grandpa toasts his stockinged feet at the comfortable coal fire, and smoking his corn-cob pipe dreams of the good old days that were. Women are not alone climbers of the social ladder; men there are who greatly relish the solicitous attention and deferential bow accorded to the prominent: but we of the weaker sex show surprising muscle and sinew when chance affords us opportunity to pull ourselves up another rung.

Each move higher calls for more display. At first the cheap little car carried one nicely to the picture-show "of an evening;" later there is need of the smart closed-car, lest the damp air undo the perfect marcel of an hour earlier. And when one has quite arrived there must be the big cars, the marvelous jewels, the soft rich furs all to say: "Here I am you cannot but recognize me." On the journey to this station one learns many things. A sedan "swung softly to rest by the roadside" is much more sophisticated than the breath-taking jamming of brakes and a shrill-voiced question. An inquiry in a rich modulated voice brings attention even from *Padres* with both arms full of toys and balls and basket-balls.

Indeed to "arrive" socially one must know many things and be continually in action. In art one paints a splendid picture, the world acclaims, the artist's position is assured, there is no need for more. So it is with an excellent book or with any of the material successes. With the social success there is no definite gauge, the banker's wife on High Street would probably look past Mrs. Hod Carrier driving in her beautiful and shining sedan, and the Smart Set certainly would not ask Mrs. High Brow to their clever supper dance.

However it is seldom that the social arrival does not at some time or other, give evidence of his less elevated origin. The diligently learned deportment lessons, the classics searched for quotations, all fail before the simple directness of one who really knows. The keen eye of the ambidextrous Father LaFarge quickly discerned that Madame in having so tremendously arrived had really not arrived at all.

There I have rolled the wee chip about trying to discover some small reason for having grasped it so tightly when I hit Hard Corner and after merely rubbing it up a bit I am putting it back where it so nicely fitted as a smooth corner to Hard Corner.

Topeka, Kans.

L. F.